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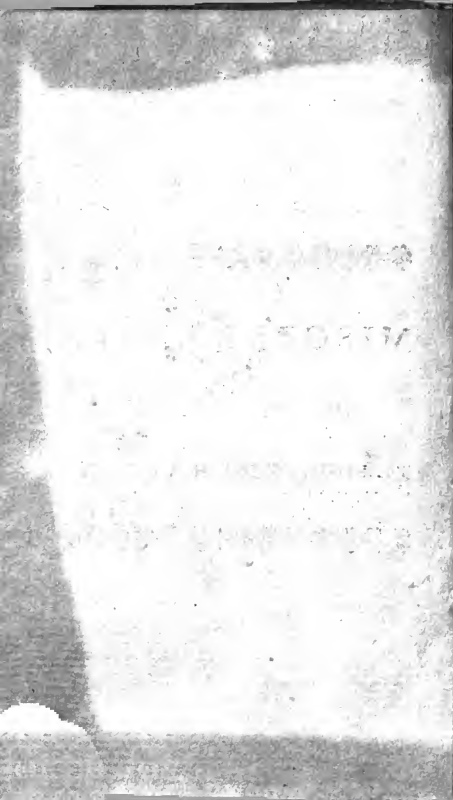


# MISCELLANIES.

By Dr. *SWIFT*.

The **FOURTEENTH VOLUME.**





# MISCELLANIES.

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By Dr. *SWIFT*.

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THE  
FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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# CONTENTS

OF

V O L. XIV.

**R**ULES that concern all Servants in general — — Page 1

<i>Directions to the Butler</i>	17
<i>To the Cook</i>	32
<i>To the Footman</i>	42
<i>To the Coachman</i>	60
<i>To the Groom</i>	61
<i>To the House or Land Steward</i>	70
<i>To the Porter</i>	ibid.
<i>To the Chamber-maid</i>	71
<i>To the Waiting-maid</i>	77
<i>To the House-maid</i>	83
<i>To the Dairy-maid</i>	87
<i>To the Childrens Maid</i>	88
<i>To the Nurse</i>	89
<i>To the Laundress</i>	ibid.
<i>To the House-keeper</i>	90
<i>To the Tutorefs or Governess</i>	91
<i>The Story of an INJURED LADY</i>	93
<i>The Answer</i>	106

*Letters to and from Dr. SWIFT.*

*Dr. Swift to Mr. Hunter, at that Time a Prisoner in France. The Author's Intimacy with Mr. Addison. Prisoners not to make Love, for*

# CONTENTS.

*for fear they forfeit their Parole either to the Ladies or the Government. The Tories not to be counted by their Noses. The Passion of the English for Italian Operas; and of Doctor Atterbury for Convocations* ——— 113

*To the same. The State of the Kingdom* 118

*Dr. Swift to Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, on getting a Grant from the Queen for exonerating the Clergy of Ireland from paying the Twentieth Parts, and for appropriating the First-fruits to the purchasing Glebes and building Houses for poor Vicars* ——— 122

*The Archbishop to Dr. Swift, on the same Subject* ——— 127

*A joint Letter from Dr. Narcissus Marsh, Lord Primate, and Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, on the same* ——— 128

*Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. Swift, on the same* 130

*The Archbishop to Dr. Swift, gratefully acknowledging his Services, and lamenting the Ingratitude of those who had not a just Sense of them* ——— 132

*Dr. Swift to the Archbishop of Dublin. Lord Bolingbroke cleared from the Imputation of having a Design to bring in the Pretender* 135

*Dr. Swift to Lord Palm—n. Charged with Obligations to Sir William Temple, and for being recommended, tho' without Success, to King William* ——— 138

*Dr. Swift to Dr. Sheridan* ——— 142

*An humorous Letter to Dr. Sheridan, on a Literal Scheme of Writing* ——— 145

*A Letter*

# CONTENTS.

<i>A Letter to your Mistress</i>	147
<i>Another Letter in the Litteralia Style</i>	ibid.
<i>A Prayer made by Dr. Swift</i>	148
<i>Another by the Same</i>	150
<i>A Letter from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in Town</i>	152
<i>A Letter from the Grand Mistress of the Female Free-Masons to George Faulkner, Printer</i>	155
<i>Advice to the Freemen of Dublin, in the Choice of a Member to represent them in Parliament</i>	172

<i>A Consultation of four Physicians upon a Lord that was dying</i>	182
<i>A Specimen of Latinitas G</i>	185
<i>Some Considerations humbly offered to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council of the Honourable City of Dublin, in the Choice of a Recorder</i>	187

## P O E T R Y.

<i>The Beasts Confession to the Priest, &amp;c.</i>	191
<i>Advertisement for the Honour of the Kingdom of Ireland</i>	204
<i>Part of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book of Horace, address'd to Dr. William King, late Archbishop of Dublin</i>	206
<i>Verses for Women who cry Apples</i>	207
<i>Asparagus</i>	ibid.
<i>Onions</i>	ibid.
<i>Oysters</i>	208
<i>Herrings</i>	209
<i>Oranges</i>	ibid.
<i>To Love</i>	210
<i>Same</i>	

# CONTENTS.

<i>Some Lines written on some Panes of Glass</i>	211
<i>An Epitaph by Dr. Swift, to the Memory of Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, &amp;c.</i>	213
<i>A Ballad on the Game of Traffic</i>	215
<i>Verses said to be written on the Union</i>	216
<i>William Wood's Petition to the People of Ireland, being an excellent new Song</i>	217
<i>An Epigram on Wood's Brass Money</i>	219
<i>Another on the D—s of C—s</i>	ibid.
<i>Another on Scolding</i>	220
<i>Catullus de Lesbia</i>	ibid.
<i>The same in English</i>	ibid.
<i>Mr. Jason Hassard, a Woollen-draper in Dublin, put up the Sign of the Golden Fleece, and desired a Motto in Verse</i>	221
<i>The Author's Manner of Living</i>	ibid.
<i>To a Lady in the Heroic Style</i>	222
<i>The Discovery</i>	233
<i>The Problem</i>	233
<i>A Love Poem from a Physician to his Mistress</i>	235
<i>On a Printer's being sent to Newgate</i>	236
<i>On a little House by the Church yard of Castle-knock</i>	237
<i>A Collection of Riddles</i>	239—247
<i>To Dr. Sheridan</i>	248
<i>A Rebus written by a Lady on the Reverend Dr. Swift</i>	250
<i>With his Answer</i>	ibid.
<i>Verses by Dr. Swift on his own Deafness</i>	252
<i>The same in English</i>	ibid.
<i>A Cantata</i>	253
<i>The last Will of Dr. Swift</i>	254



# DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS

In GENERAL;

And in particular to the

BUTLER,  
COOK,  
FOOTMAN,  
COACHMAN,  
GROOM,  
HOUSE-STEWARD,  
and  
LAND-STEWARD,

PORTER,  
DAIRY-MAID,  
CHAMBER-MAID,  
NURSE,  
LAUNDRESS,  
HOUSE-KEEPER,  
TUTORESS, or  
GOVERNESS.

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By the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

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*I have a Thing in the Press, begun above Twenty-eight Years ago, and almost finished: It will make a Four Shilling Volume; and is such a PERFECTION OF FOLLY, that you shall never hear of it, till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have ANOTHER OF THE SAME AGE, which will require a long Time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same Way.* Letters to and from Dr. Swift, &c. Lett. LXI. alluding to POLITE CONVERSATION and DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

VOL. XIV.

B

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# R U L E S

## THAT CONCERN

### All SERVANTS in general.

**W**HEN your Master or Lady calls a Servant by Name, if that Servant be not in the Way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no End of your Drudgery: And Masters themselves allow, that, if a Servant comes when he is call'd, it is sufficient.

When you have done a Fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured Person; this will immediately put your Master or Lady off their Mettle.

If you see your Master wronged by any of your Fellow-Servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a Tell-tale: However there is one Exception, in case of a favourite Servant, who is justly hated by the whole Family; who are therefore bound in Prudence

to lay all the Faults you can upon the Favourite.

The Cook, the Butler, the Groom, the Market-man, and every other Servant, who is concerned in the Expences of the Family, should act as if his Master's whole Estate ought to be applied to that Servant's particular Business. For instance, if the Cook computes his Master's Estate to be a Thousand Pounds a Year, he reasonably concludes that a Thousand Pounds a Year will afford Meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the Butler makes the same Judgment, so may the Groom and the Coachman, and thus every Branch of Expence will be filled to your Master's Honour.

When you are chid before Company (which with Submission to our Masters and Ladies is an unmannerly Practice) it often happens that some Stranger will have the Good-nature to drop a Word in your Excuse; in such a Case, you will have a good Title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that, whenever he chides you afterwards on other Occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which Opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the Case to your Fellow-servants in your own Way, who will certainly decide in your Favour: Therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens that Servants sent on Messages, are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the Message requires, perhaps, two, four, six,

or

or eight Hours, or some such Trifle, for the Temptation to be sure was great, and Flesh and Blood cannot always resist: When you return, the Master storms, the Lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the Word. But here you ought to be provided with a Set of Excuses, enough to serve on all Occasions: For Instance, your Uncle came Fourscore Miles to Town this Morning, on purpose to see you, and goes back by Break of Day to-morrow: A Brother-servant that borrowed Money of you when he was out of Place, was running away to *Ireland*: You were taking Leave of an old Fellow-servant, who was shipping for *Barbados*: Your Father sent a Cow to you to sell, and you could not get a Chapman till Nine at Night: You were taking Leave of a dear Cousin, who is to be hanged next *Saturday*: You wrenched your Foot against a Stone, and were forced to stay three Hours in a Shop, before you could stir a Step: Some Nastiness was thrown on you out of a Garret Window, and you were ashamed to come Home before you were cleaned, and the Smell went off: You were pressed for the Sea-service, and carried before a Justice of Peace, who kept you three Hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: A Bailiff by mistake seized you for a Debtor, and kept you the whole Evening in a Spunging-house: You were told your Master had gone to a Tavern, and came to some Mischance, and your Grief was so great that you enquired for his Honour in

a hundred Taverns between *Pall-mall* and *Temple-bar*.

Take all Tradesmens Parts against your Master; and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full Demand. This is highly to your Master's Honour, and may be some Shillings in your Pocket; and you are to consider, if your Master hath paid too much, he can better afford the Loss than a poor Tradesman.

Never submit to stir a Finger in any Business but that for which you were particularly hired. For Example, if the Groom be drunk, or absent; and the Butler be ordered to shut the Stable Door, the Answer is ready, An please your Honour, I don't understand Horses: If a Corner of the Hanging wants a single Nail to fasten it, and the Footman be directed to tack it up, he may say, he doth not understand that sort of Work, but his Honour may send for the Upholsterer.

Masters and Ladies are usually quarrelling with the Servants for not shutting the Doors after them: But neither Masters nor Ladies consider, that those Doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the Labour is double to open and shut the Doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest Way is to do neither. But if you are often teized to shut the Door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the Door such a Clap as you go out, as will shake the whole Room, and make every Thing rattle in it, to put your Master and Lady

Lady in Mind that you observe their Directions.

If you find yourself to grow into Favour with your Master or Lady, take some Opportunity, in a very mild Way, to give them Warning, and when they ask the Reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them, than any body else, but a poor Servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that Service is no Inheritance, that your Work is great, and your Wages very small. Upon which, if your Master has any Generosity, he will add Five or Ten Shillings a Quarter, rather than let you go: But if you are baulked, and have no Mind to go off, get some Fellow-servant to tell your Master, that he had prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good Bits you can pilfer in the Day, save them to junket with your Fellow-servants at Night, and take in the Butler, provided he will give you Drink.

Write your own Name, and your Sweet-heart's, with the Smoak of a Candle on the Roof of the Kitchen, or the Servants Hall, to shew your Learning.

If you are a young sightly Fellow, whenever you whisper your Mistress at the Table, run your Nose full in her Cheek; or if your Breath be good, breathe full in her Face; this I have known to have had very good Consequences in some Families.

Never

Never come till you have been called three or four Times ; for none but Dogs will come at the first Whistle : And when the Master calls [*Who's there ?*] no Servant is bound to come ; for [*Who's there* ] is no body's Name.

When you have broken all your Earthen Drinking Vessels below Stairs (which is usually done in a Week) the Copper Pot will do as well ; it can boil Milk, heat Porridge, hold Small-Beer, or, in Case of Necessity, serve for a Jordan ; therefore apply it indifferently to all these Uses ; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the Tin.

Although you are allowed Knives for the Servants Hall, at Meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your Master's.

Let it be a constant Rule, that no Chair, Stool, or Table, in the Servants Hall, or the Kitchen, shall have above three Legs, which hath been the ancient and constant Practice in all the Families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two Reasons ; first, to shew that Servants are ever in a tottering Condition ; secondly, it was thought a Point of Humility that the Servants Chairs and Tables should have at least one Leg fewer than those of their Masters. I grant there hath been an Exception to this Rule, with regard to the Cook, who by old Custom was allowed an easy Chair to sleep in after Dinner ; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three Legs. Now  
this



this epidemical Lameness of Servants Chairs is by Philosophers imputed to two Causes, which are observed to make the greatest Revolutions in States and Empires; I mean Love and War. A Stool, a Chair, or a Table, is the first Weapon taken up in a general Romping or Skirmish; and after a Peace, the Chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the Conduct of an Amour, the Cook being usually fat and heavy, and the Butler a little in Drink.

I could never endure to see Maid Servants so ungenteel as to walk the Streets with their Petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish Excuse to alledge their Petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a Remedy as to walk three or four Times down a clean Pair of Stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony Servant in the same Street, leave your own Street-Door open, that you may get in without knocking, when you come back; otherwise your Mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do must earnestly exhort you all to Unanimity and Concord. But mistake me not: You may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only bear in Mind, that you have a common Enemy, which is your Master and Lady, and you have a common Cause to defend. Believe an old Practitioner; whoever out of Malice to a Fellow-Servant, carries a Tale to his Master, shall be

be ruined, by a general Confederacy against him.

The general Place of Rendezvous for all the Servants, both in Winter and Summer, is the Kitchen; there the grand Affairs of the Family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the Stable, the Dairy, the Pantry, the Laundry, the Cellar, the Nursery, the Dining-room, or my Lady's Chamber: There, as in your own proper Element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full Security.

When any Servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your Master, that he is gone to Bed very sick; upon which your Lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable Thing for the poor Man, or Maid.

When your Master and Lady go abroad together, to Dinner, or on a Visit for the Evening, you need leave only one Servant in the House, unless you have a Black-guard-boy to answer at the Door, and attend the Children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long Cuts, and the Stayer at home may be comforted by a Visit from a Sweet-heart, without Danger of being caught together. These Opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and you are always safe enough while there is a Servant in the House.

When

When your Master or Lady comes home, and wants a Servant who happens to be abroad, your Answer must be, that he had but just that Minute stept out, being sent for by a Cousin who was dying.

If your Master calls you by Name, and you happen to answer at the fourth Call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a Fault, as you go out of the Room, and down Stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your Master or Lady when they are abroad, never burthen your Memory with the Person's Name, for indeed you have too many other Things to remember. Besides, it is a Porter's Business, and your Master's Fault he does not keep one; and who can remember Names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a Lye to your Master or Lady, unless you have some Hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an Hour. When a Servant is turned off, all his Faults must be told, altho' most of them were never known by his Master or Lady; and all Mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of  
you,

you, why you never acquainted them before ? the Answer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry ; and besides, perhaps you might think it were Malice in me. Where there are little Masters and Misses in a House, they are usually great Impediments to the Diversions of the Servants ; the only Remedy is to bribe them with Goody Goodyes, that they may not tell Tales to Papa and Mamma.

I advise you of the Servants, whose Master lives in the Country, and who expect Vails, always to stand Rank and File when a Stranger is taking his Leave ; so that he must of Necessity pass between you, and he must have more Confidence, or less Money than usual, if any of you let him escape, and, according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next Time he comes.

If you are sent with ready Money to buy any thing at a Shop, and happen at that Time to be out of Pocket, sink the Money, and take up the Goods on your Master's Account. This is for the Honour of your Master and yourself ; for he becomes a Man of Credit at your Recommendation.

When your Lady sends for you up to her Chamber, to give you any Orders, before to stand at the Door, and keep it open, fiddling with the Lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the Button in your Hand, for fear you should forget to shut the Door after you.

If

If your Master or Lady happen once in their Lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy Servant, for you have nothing more to do, than for every Fault you commit while you are in their Service, to put them in mind of that false Accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present Case.

When you have a Mind to leave your Master, and are too bashful to break the Matter for fear of offending him, the best Way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual Behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off, and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his Lady such a Character to all your Brother-servants who are out of Place, that none will venture to offer their Service.

Some nice Ladies who are afraid of catching Cold, having observed that the Maids and Fellows below Stairs often forget to shut the Door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back Yards, have contrived that a Pulley and a Rope, with a large Piece of Lead at the End, should be so fixt, as to make the Door shut of itself, and require a strong Hand to open it, which is an immense Toil to Servants, whose Business may force them to go in and out fifty Times in a Morning : But Ingenuity can do much, for prudent Servants have found out an effectual Remedy against this insupportable Grievance, by tying up the Pulley in such a manner, that the Weight of the Lead shall have no Effect ; how-

ever, as to my own Part, I would rather chuse to keep the Door always open, by laying a heavy Stone at the Bottom of it.

The Servants Candlesticks are generally broken, for Nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many Expedients ; You may conveniently stick your Candle in a Bottle, or with a Lump of Butter against the Wainscot, in a Powder-horn, or in an old Shoe, or in a cleft Stick, or in the Barrel of a Pistol, or upon its own Grease on a Table, in a Coffee-Cup, or a Drinking-Glass, a Horn-Can, a Tea-Pot, a twisted Napkin, a Mustard-Pot, an Inkhorn, a Marrowbone, a Piece of Dough, or you may cut a Hole in the Loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring Servants to junket with you at home in an Evening, teach them a peculiar Way of tapping or scraping at the Kitchen Window, which you may hear, but not your Master or Lady, whom you must take Care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable Hours.

Lay all Faults upon a Lap-Dog, or favourite Cat, a Monkey, a Parrot, a Child ; or on the Servant who was last turned off : By this Rule you will excuse yourself, do no Hurt to any body else, and save your Master or Lady from the Trouble and Vexation of chiding.

When you want proper Instruments for any Work you are about, use all Expedients you can invent, rather than leave your Work undone.

done. For Instance, if the Poker be out of the Way, or broken, stir the Fire with the Tongs, if the Tongs be not at Hand, use the Muzzle of the Bellows, the wrong End of the Fire-shovel, the Handle of the Fire Brush, the End of a Mop, or your Master's Cane. If you want Paper to singe a Fowl, tear the first Book you see about the House. Wipe your Shoes, for Want of a Clout, with the Bottom of a Curtain, or a Damask Napkin. Strip your Livery Lace for Garters. If the Butler wants a Jordan, he may use the great Silver Cup.

There are several Ways of putting out Candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: You may run the Candle End against the Wainscot, which puts the Snuff out immediately: You may lay it on the Ground, and tread the Snuff out with your Foot: You may hold it upside down, untill it is choaked with its own Grease; or cram it into the Socket of the Candlestick: You may whirl it round in your Hand till it goes out: When you go to Bed, after you have made Water, you may dip the Candle End into the Chamber Pot: You may spit on your Finger and Thumb and pinch the Snuff till it goes out. The Cook may run the Candle's Nose into the Meal Tub, or the Groom into a Vessel of Oats, or a Lock of Hay, or a Heap of Litter: The House-maid may put out her Candle by running it against a Looking-Glass, which Nothing cleans so well as Candle-Snuff: But the

C 2

quickest

quickest and best of all Methods, is to blow it out with your Breath, which leaves the Candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a Family as a Tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal Business of you all to unite : Whatever Office he serves in, take all Opportunities to spoil the Business he is about, and to cross him in every Thing. For Instance, if the Butler be the Tell-tale, break his Glasses whenever he leaves the Pantry-Door open ; or lock the Cat or the Mastiff in it, who will do as well : Mislays a Fork or a Spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the Cook, whenever she turns her Back, throw a Lump of Soot, or Handful of Salt in the Pot, or smoak-ing Coals into the Dripping-Pan, or daub the roast Meat with the Back of the Chimney, or hide the Key of the Jack. If a Footman be suspected, let the Cook daub the Back of his new Livery ; or when he is going up with a Dish of Soup, let her follow him softly with a Ladle full, and dribble it all the Way up Stairs to the Dining-room, and then let the House-maid make such a Noise, that her Lady may hear it. The Waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this Fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself : In this Case, the Landress must be sure to tear her Smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half ; and, when she complains, tell all the House that she sweats so much, and her Flesh is so nasty, that she souls a Smock more in one Hour, than the Kitchen-maid doth in a Week.

DIREC-



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# DIRECTIONS

TO

# SERVANTS.

---

## CHAP. I.

### *Directions to the BUTLER.*

**I**N my Directions to Servants, I find from my long Observation, that you Butlers are the principal Persons concerned.

Your Business being of the greatest Variety, and requiring the greatest Exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the several Branches of your Office, and order my Instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the Side-board, take all possible Care to save your own Trouble, and your Master's Drinking Glasses : Therefore, first, since those who dine at the same Table are supposed to be Friends, let them all drink out of the same Glass, without washing, which will save you much Pains, as well as the Hazard of breaking them ; give no Person any Liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least ; by which Means, some out of Modesty, and others out of Forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your Master's Liquor be saved.

If any one desires a Glass of Bottled Ale, first shake the Bottle, to see whether any thing be in it ; then taste it, to see what Liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken ; and lastly, wipe the Mouth of the Bottle with the Palm of your Hand, to shew your Cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the Cork in the Belly of the Bottle than in the Mouth ; and, if the Cork be musty, or White Fryers in your Liquor, your Master will save the more.

If an humble Companion, a Chaplain, a Tutor, or a dependent Cousin happen to be at Table, whom you find to be little regarded by the Master, and the Company, which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we Servants, it must be the Business of you and the Footman, to follow the Example of your Betters, by treating him many Degrees worse than any of the rest, and you cannot please your Master better, or at least your Lady.

If

If any one calls for Small-beer towards the End of Dinner, do not give yourself the Pains of going down to the Cellar, but gather the Droppings and Leavings, out of the several Cups and Glasses and Salvers, into one; but turn your Back to the Company, for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for Ale towards the End of Dinner, fill the largest Tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greatest Part left to oblige your Fellow-Servants, without the Sin of stealing from your Master.

There is likewise a Perquisite full as honest, by which you have a Chance of getting every Day the best Part of a Bottle of Wine for yourself; for, you are to suppose, that Gentlemen will not care for the Remainder of a Bottle; therefore, always set a fresh one before them after Dinner, although there hath not been above a Glass drank of the other.

Take special Care that your Bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the Mouth of every Bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own Breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in Haste to draw any Drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the Trouble of opening a Vent, but blow strongly into the Fisset, and you will find it immediately pour into your Mouth; or take out the Vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your Master should want you.

If

If you are curious to taste some of your Master's choice Bottles, empty as many of them just below the Neck as will make the Quantity you want; but then take Care to fill them up again with clean Water, that you may not lessen your Master's Liquor.

There is an excellent Invention found out of late Years in the Management of Ale and Small-beer at the Side-board: For Instance, a Gentleman calls for a Glass of Ale and drinks but half; another calls for Small-beer: you immediately teem out the Remainder of the Ale into the Tankard, and fill the Glass with Small-beer, and so backwards and forwards, as long as Dinner lasts, by which you answer three great Ends: First, you save yourself the Trouble of Washing, and consequently the Danger of breaking your Glasses: Secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving Gentlemen the Liquor they call for; And lastly, by this Method you are certain that Nothing is lost.

Because Butlers are apt to forget to bring up their Ale and Beer Time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two Hours before Dinner; and place them in the Sunny Part of the Room, to let People see that you have not been negligent.

Some Butlers have a Way of decanting (as they call it) bottled Ale, by which they lose a good Part of the Bottom: Let your Method be to turn the Bottle directly upside down, which will make the Liquor appear double the Quantity;

tity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one Drop, and the Froth will conceal the Muddiness.

Clean your Plate, wipe your Knives, and rub the dirty Tables, with the Napkins and Table-cloths used that Day; for, it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse Rubbers; and in Reward of such good Husbandry, my Judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest Damask Napkins for Night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your Plate, leave the Whiting plainly to be seen in all the Chinks, for fear your Lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the Skill of a Butler more appears, than in the Management of Candles, whereof although some Part may fall to the Share of the other Servants, yet you being the principal Person concerned, I shall direct my Instructions upon this Article to you only, leaving to your Fellow-servants to apply them upon Occasion.

First, to avoid burning Day-light, and to save your Master's Candles, never bring them up till Half an Hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your Sockets be full of Grease to the Brim, with the old Snuff at the Top, and then stick on your fresh Candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the Candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before Company. At other Times, for Variety,

riety, put your Candles loose in the Sockets, to shew they are clean to the Bottom.

When your Candle is too big for the Socket, melt it to a right Size in the Fire; and to hide the Smoke, wrap it in Paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late Years the great Extravagancy among the Gentry upon the Article of Candles, which a good Butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own Pains and his Master's Money: This may be contrived several Ways: As when you are ordered to put Candles into the Sconces.

Sconces are great Wasters of Candles, and you, who are always to consider the Advantage of your Master, should do your utmost to discourage them: Therefore, your Business must be to press the Candle with both your Hands into the Socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the Grease may drop all upon the Floor, if some Lady's Head-dress or Gentleman's Periwig be not ready to intercept it: You may likewise stick the Candle so loose, that it will fall upon the Glass of the Sconce, and break it into Shatters; this will save your Master many a fair Penny in the Year, both in Candles, and to the Glass-man, and yourself much Labour; for the Sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the Candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful Perquisite, to your Friend the Cook, to increase her Kitchen-stuff; or, if this be not allowed in your House, give them

them in Charity to the poor Neighbours, who often run on your Errands.

When you cut Bread for a Toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the Coals, and mind your other Business, then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt Side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your Side-board, set the best Glasses as near the Edge of the Table as you can; by which means they will cast a double Lustre, and make a much finer Figure; and the Consequence can be at most, but the breaking half a Dozen, which is a Trifle in your Master's Pocket.

Wash the Glasses with your own Water, to save your Master's Salt.

When any Salt is spilt on the Table, do not let it be lost, but when Dinner is done, fold up the Table-cloth with the Salt in it, then shake the Salt out into the Salt-cellar to serve next Day: But the shortest and surest Way is, when you remove the Cloth, to wrap the Knives, Forks, Spoons, Salt-cellars, broken Bread, and Scraps of Meat all together in the Table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the Window amongst the Beggars, that they may with more Convenience eat the Scraps.

Leave the Dregs of Wine, Ale, and other Liquors in the Bottle: To rince them is but Loss of Time, since all will be done at once in a general Washing; and you will have a better Excuse for breaking them.



If your Master hath many musty, or very foul and crufted Bottles, I advise you, in Point of Conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next Ale-house for Ale or Brandy.

When a Message is sent to your Master, be kind to your Brother-servant who brings it ; give him the best Liquor in your keeping, for your Master's Honour ; and at the first Opportunity he will do the same to you.

After Supper, if it be dark, carry your Plate and China together in the same Basket, to save Candle-light, for you know your Pantry well enough to put them up in the Dark.

When Company is expected at Dinner, or in the Evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your Key, by which your Master will save his Liquor, and not wear out his Plate.

I come now to a most important Part of your Oeconomy, the bottling of a Hogshead of Wine, wherein I recommend three Virtues, Cleanliness, Frugality, and brotherly Love. Let your Corks be of the longest Kind you can get ; which will save some Wine in the Neck of every Bottle : As to your Bottles, chuse the smallest you can find, which will increase the Number of Dozens, and please your Master ; for a Bottle of Wine is always a Bottle of Wine, whether it hold more or less ; and if your Master hath his proper Number of Dozens, he cannot complain.

Every Bottle must be first rinsed with Wine, for fear of any Moisture left in the Washing :  
some,



Some, out of mistaken Thrift, will rince a Dozen Bottles with the same Wine; but I would advise you, for more Caution, to change the Wine at every second Bottle; a Gill may be enough. Have Bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good Perquisite either to sell or drink with the Cook.

Never draw your Hogshead too low; nor tilt it for fear of disturbing your Liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the Wine grows cloudy, shake the Hogshead, and carry a Glass of it to your Master, who will praise you for your Discretion, and give you all the rest as a Perquisite of your Place: You may tilt the Hogshead the next Day, and in a Fortnight get a Dozen or two of good clear Wine, to dispose of as you please.

In Bottling Wine, fill your Mouth full of Corks, together with a large Plug of Tobacco, which will give to the Wine the true Taste of the Weed, so delightful to all good Judges in drinking.

When you are order'd to decant a suspicious Bottle, if a Pint be out, give your Hand a dextrous Shake, and shew it in a Glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a Hogshead of Wine or any other Liquor is to be bottled off, wash your Bottles immediately before you begin; but, be sure not to drain them, by which good Management your Master will save some Gallons in every Hogshead.

This is the Time that in Honour to your Master you ought to shew your Kindness to your Fellow-servants, and especially to the Cook ; for what signifies a few Flaggons out of a whole Hogshhead ? But make them drunk in your Presence, for fear they should be given to other Folks, and so your Master be wronged : But advise them, if they get drunk, to go to Bed, and leave Word they are sick ; which last Caution I would have all the Servants observe, both Male and Female.

If your Master finds the Hogshhead to fall short of his Expectation, what is plainer, than that the Vessel leaked : That the Wine-Cooper had not filled it in proper Time : That the Merchant cheated him with a Hogshhead below the common Measure ?

When you are to get Water on for Tea after Dinner, (which in many Families is Part of your Office) to save Firing, and to make more Haste, pour it into the Tea-pot from the Pot where Cabbage or Fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding Quality of the Tea.

Be saving of your Candles, and let those in the Sconces of the Hall, the Stairs, and in the Lanthorn, burn down into the Sockets, until they go out of themselves, for which your Master and Lady will commend your Thriftiness so soon as they shall smell the Snuff.

If a Gentleman leaves a Snuff-box or Pick-tooth-case on the Table, after Dinner, and  
goeth

goeth away, look upon it as Part of your Vails ; for so it is allow'd by all Servants, and you do no Wrong to your Master or Lady.

If you serve a Country Squire, when Gentlemen and Ladies come to dine at your House, never fail to make their Servants drunk, and especially the Coachman, for the Honour of your Master : to which, in all your Actions you must have a special Regard, as being the best Judge : For the Honour of every Family is deposited in the Hands of the Cook, the Butler, and the Groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the Candles at Supper as they stand on the Table, which is much the securest Way ; because, if the burning Snuff happens to get out of the Snuffers, you may have a Chance that it may fall into a Dish of Soup, Sack-poffet, Rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguish'd, with very little Stink.

When you have snuffed the Candle, always leave the Snuffers open, for the Snuff will of itself burn away to Ashes, and cannot fall out, and dirty the Table, when you snuff the Candles again.

That the Salt may lie smooth in the Salt-cellar, press it down with your moist Palm.

When a Gentleman is going away after dining with your Master, be sure to stand full in View, and follow him to the Door, and as you have Opportunity look full in his Face, perhaps it may bring you a Shilling ; but, if

the Gentleman hath lain there a Night, get the Cook, the House-maid, the Stable-men, the Scullion, and the Gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his Way to the Hall in a Line on each Side of him : If the Gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him Honour, and cost your Master nothing.

You need not wipe your Knife to cut Bread for the Table, because, in cutting a Slice or or two, it will wipe itself.

Put your Finger into every Bottle, to feel whether it be full, which is the surest Way, for Feeling hath no Fellow.

When you go down to the Cellar to draw Ale or Small-beer, take care to observe directly the following Method : Hold the Vessel between the Finger and Thumb of your Right Hand, with the Palm upwards, then hold the Candle between your Fingers, but a little leaning towards the Mouth of the Vessel, then take out the Spiggot with your Left Hand, and clap the Point of it in your Mouth, and keep your Left Hand to watch Accidents ; when the Vessel is full, withdraw the Spiggot with your Mouth, well wetted with Spittle, which being of a slimy Consistence, will make it stick faster in the Fisset : If any Tallow drops into the Vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a Spoon, or rather with your Finger.

Always lock up a Cat in the Closet where you keep your China Plates, for fear the Mice may steal in and break them.

A good

A good Butler always breaks off the Point of his Bottle-screw in two Days, by trying which is hardest, the Point of the Screw, or the Neck of the Bottle : In this Case, to supply the Want of a Screw, after the Stump hath torn the Cork in Pieces, make Use of a Silver Fork, and when the Scraps of the Cork are almost drawn out, flirt the Mouth of the Bottle into the Cistern until you quite clear it.

If a Gentleman dines often with your Master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several Methods to shew him some Marks of your Displeasure, and quicken his Memory : If he calls for Bread or Drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him : If he asks for Wine, let him stay a while, and then send him Small-beer ; give him always foul Glasses ; send him a Spoon when he wants a Knife ; wink at the Footman to leave him without a Plate ; By these, and the like Expedients, you may probably be a better Man by Half a Crown before he leaves the House, provided you watch an Opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your Lady loves Play, your Fortune is fixed for ever : Moderate Gaming will be a Perquisite of ten Shillings a Week ; and in such a Family I would rather chuse to be Butler than Chaplain, or even rather than be Steward : It is all ready Money, and got without Labour, unless your Lady happens to be one of those, who either obligeth you to find Wax-Candles, or forceth you to divide it with

Some favourite Servants ; but at worst, the old Cards are your own ; and, if the Gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the Cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable Advantage by selling to Coffee-Houses, or Families who love Play, but cannot afford better than Cards at second Hand : When you attend at the Service, be sure to leave new Packs within the Reach of the Gamesters, which those who have ill Luck will readily take to change their Fortune ; and now and then an old Pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on Play Nights, and ready with your Candles to light out your Company, and have Salvers of Wine at Hand to give them when they call ; but manage so with the Cook, that there be no Supper, because it will be so much saved in your Master's Family ; and, because a Supper will considerably lessen your Gains.

Next to Cards there is nothing so profitable to you as Bottles, in which Perquisite you have no Competitors, except the Footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for Pots of Beer : But you are bound to prevent any such Abuses in your Master's Family : The Footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general Bottling ; and those may be as many as your Discretion will make them.

The Profit of Glasses is so very inconsiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning : It consists only in a small Present made by the  
Glas-man,



Glass-man, and about four Shillings in the Pound added to the Prices for your Trouble and Skill in chusing them. If your Master hath a large Stock of Glasses, and you or your Fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your Master's Knowledge, keep it a Secret till there are not enough left to serve the Table, then tell your Master that the Glasses are gone; this will be but one Vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a Week; and it is the Office of a good Servant to discompose his Master and his Lady as seldom as he can; and here the Cat and Dog will be of great Use to take the Blame from you. Note, That Bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by Stragglers and other Servants, and the other half broken by Accident, and a general Washing.

Whet the Backs of your Knives until they are as sharp as the Edge, which will have this Advantage, that when Gentlemen find them blunt on one Side, they may try the other; and to shew you spare no Pains in sharpening the Knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good Part of the Iron, and even the Bottom of the Silver-Handle. This doth Credit to your Master, for it shews good House-keeping, and the Goldsmith may one Day make you a Present.

Your Lady, when she finds the Small-beer or Ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the Peg into the Vent-hole. This is a great Mistake, nothing being plainer, than that the  
Peg

Peg keeps the Air in the Vessel, which spoils the Drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the Trouble of pulling out the Vent, and putting it in a Dozen Times a Day, which is not to be born by a good Servant, leave the Spiggot half out at Night, and you will find, with only the Loss of two or three Quarts of Liquor, the Vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your Candles, wrap them up in a Piece of brown Paper, and so stick them into the Socket: Let the Paper come half way up the Candle, which looks handsome, if any Body should come in.

Do all in the Dark to save your Master's Candles.

## C H A P. II.

### *Directions to the COOK.*

**A**LTHO' I am not ignorant that it hath been a long Time since the Custom began among People of Quality to keep Men Cooks, and generally of the *French* Nation: Yet because my Treatise is chiefly calculated for the general Run of Knights, Squires, and Gentlemen both in Town and Country, I shall therefore apply to you Mrs. Cook, as a Woman: However, a great Part of what I intend may serve for either Sex; and your Part naturally



rally follows the former, because the Butler and you are joined in Interest; your Vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: You can junket together at Nights upon your own Progue, and when the rest of the House are a-bed; and have it in your Power to make every Fellow-servant your Friend; you can give a good Bit or a good Sup to the little Masters and Misses, and gain their Affections: A Quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal Case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some Time to cotton with another. And now Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my Instructions, which I desire you will get some Fellow-servant in the Family to read to you constantly one Night in every Week when you are going to Bed, whether you serve in Town or Country, for my Lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your Lady forgets at Supper that there is any cold Meat in the House, do not you be so officious as to put her in Mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next Day, say she gave you no Orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a Lye, dispose of it with the Butler, or any other Crony, before you go to Bed.

Never send up a Leg of a Fowl at Supper, while there is a Cat or a Dog in the House, that can be accused for running away with it: But, if there happen to be neither, you must

must lay it upon the Rats, or a strange Greyhound.

It is ill Housewifery to foul your Kitchen Rubbers with wiping the Bottoms of the Dishes you send up, since the Table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every Meal.

Never clean your Spits after they have been used ; for the Grease left upon them by Meat, is the best Thing to preserve them from Rust ; and when you make use of them again, the same Grease will keep the Inside of the Meat moist.

If you live in a rich Family, roasting and boiling are below the Dignity of your Office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of ; therefore leave that Work wholly to the Kitchen Wench, for fear of disgracing the Family you live in.

If you are employed in Marketting, buy your Meat as cheap as you can, but when you bring in your Accounts, be tender of your Master's Honour, and set down the highest Rate ; which besides is but Justice, for nobody can afford to sell at the same Rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely ; swear that you gave no more than what the Butcher and Poulterer asked. If your Lady orders you to set up a Piece of Meat for Supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the Butler.

Good Cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling Work, where abundance of Time

is spent and little done : Such, for Instance, is the dressing Small-birds, requiring a World of Cookery and Clutter, and a second or third Spit, which by the Way is absolutely needless ; for it will be a very ridiculous Thing indeed, if a Spit which is strong enough to turn a Surloin of Beef, should not be able to turn a Lark ; however, if your Lady be nice, and is afraid that a large Spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the Dripping-pan, where the Fat of roasted Mutton or Beef falling on the Birds, will serve to baste them, and so save both Time and Butter : for what Cook of any Spirit, would lose her Time in picking Larks, Wheat-ears, and other small Birds ? Therefore, if you cannot get Maids, or the young Misses to assist you, e'en make short Work, and either singe or flay them ; there is no great Loss in the Skins, and the Flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in the Market, do not accept a Treat of a Beef-Stake and a Pot of Ale from the Butcher, which I think in Conscience is no better than wronging your Master ; but do you always take that Perquisite in Money, if you do not go in Trust, or in Poundage, when you pay the Bills.

The Kitchen Bellows being usually out of Order, with stirring the Fire with the Muzzle, to save the Tongs and Poker, borrow the Bellows out of your Lady's Bed-chamber, which being least used, are commonly the best in the House ; and if you happen to damage or grease them,

them, you have a Chance to have them left entirely for your own Use.

Let a Black-guard Boy be always about the House, to send on your Errands, and go to Market for you on rainy Days, which will save your Cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your Mistress.

If your Mistress allows you the Kitchen-stuff, in Return of her Generosity, take Care to boil and roast your Meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own Profit, do her Justice, and rather than let a good Fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the Dripping and the Butter that happens to turn to Oil.

Send up your Meat well stuck with Scewers, to make it look round and plump; and an Iron Scewer rightly employ'd now and then, will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long Joint of Meat, be careful only about the Middle, and leave the two extreme Parts raw, which may serve another Time, and will also save Firing.

When you scour your Plates and Dishes, bend the Brim inward, so to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large Fire in the Kitchen, when there is a small Dinner, or the Family dines abroad, that the Neighbours seeing the Smoak, may commend your Master's House-keeping: But when much Company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your Coals, because a great deal of the Meat being raw will be saved, and serve next Day.

Boil

Boil your Meat constantly in Pump Water, because you must sometimes want River or Pipe Water, and then your Mistress observing your Meat of a different Colour, will chide you when you are not in Fault.

When you have Plenty of Fowl in the Larder, leave the Door open in pity to the poor Cat, if she be a good Mouſer.

If you find it neceſſary to market in a wet Day, take out your Miſtreſs's Riding-Hood and Cloak to ſave your Cloaths.

Get three or four Chair-women to attend you conſtantly in the Kitchen, whom you pay at ſmall Charges, only with the broken Meat, a few Coals, and all the Cinders.

To keep troubleſome Servants out of the Kitchen, always keep the Winder ſticking on the Jack, to fall on their Heads.

If a Lump of Soot falls into the Soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, ſtir it well, and it will give the Soup a high *French* Taſte.

If you melt your Butter to Oil, be under no Concern, but ſend it up, for Oil is a genteeler Sauce than Butter.

Scrape the Bottoms of your Pots and Kettles with a Silver Spoon, for fear of giving them a Taſte of Copper.

When you ſend up Butter for Sauce, be ſo thrifty as to let it be half Water; which is alſo much whoſomer.

If your Butter, when it is melted, taſtes of Braſs, it is your Maſter's Fault, who will

not allow you a Silver Sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new Tinning is very chargeable: If you have a Silver Sauce-pan, and the Butter smells of Smoak, lay the Fault upon the Coals.

Never make use of a Spoon in any thing that you can do with your Hands, for fear of wearing out your Master's Plate.

When you find that you cannot get Dinner ready at the Time appointed, put the Clock back, and then it may be ready to a Minute.

Let a red-hot Coal now and then fall into the Dripping-pan, that the Smoak of the Dripping may ascend, and give the roast Meat a high Taste.

You are to look upon your Kitchen as your Dressing-room; but, you are not to wash your Hands till you have gone to the Necessary-House and spitted your Meat, trussed your Fowl, pick'd your Sallad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second Course: for your Hands will be ten times fouler with the many Things you are forced to handle; but when your Work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one Part of your Dressing that I would admit while the Victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your Head, which loseth no Time, because you can stand over your Cookery, and watch it with one Hand, while you are using your Comb in the other.

If any of the Combings happen to be sent up with the Victuals, you may safely lay the Fault upon any of the Footmen that hath vexed you : As those Gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a Sop in the Pan, or a Slice from the Spit, much more when you discharge a Ladle-full of hot Porridge on their Legs, or send them up to their Masters with a Dish-clout pinn'd at their Tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the Kitchen-maid to bring none but the large Coals, and save the small ones for the Fires above Stairs ; the first are properest for dressing Meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any Dish, you may lay the Fault upon Want of Coals : Besides, the Cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your Master's House-keeping, where they do not find Plenty of large Cinders mixt with fresh large Coals : Thus you may dress your Meat with Credit, do an Act of Charity, raise the Honour of your Master, and sometimes get Share of a Pot of Ale for your Bounty to the Cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second Course, you have nothing to do (in a great Family) until Supper : Therefore, scour your Hands and Face, put on your Hood and Scarfe, and take your Pleasure among your Cronies, till Ten at Night.—But dine first.

Let there be always a strict Friendship between you and the Butler, for it is both your Interests to be united : The Butler often wants a comfortable Tit-bit, and you much oftner a



cool Cup of good Liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant Lover, because he hath great Advantage to allure the Maids with a Glass of Sack, or White-Wine and Sugar.

When you roast a Breast of Veal, remember your Sweet-heart the Butler loves a Sweet-bread ; therefore set it aside till Evening : You can say, the Cat or the Dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown ; and besides, it looks as well at the Table without it as with it.

When you make the Company wait long for Dinner, and the Meat be over-done, which is generally the Case, you may lawfully lay the Fault upon your Lady, who hurried you so to send up Dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your Dinner miscarries in almost every Dish, how could you help it ? You were teized by the Footmen coming into the Kitchen ; and, to prove it true, take Occasion to be angry, and throw a Ladle-full of Broth on one or two of their Liveries ; besides, *Friday* and *Childermas-day* are two cross Days in the Week, and it is impossible to have good Luck on either of them ; therefore on those two Days you have a lawful Excuse.

When you are in Haste to take down your Dishes, tip them in such a Manner, that a Dozen will fall together upon the Dresser, just ready for your Hand.

To



To save Time and Trouble, cut your Apples and Onions with the same Knife ; and well-bred Gentry love the Taste of an Onion in every Thing they eat.

Lump three or four Pounds of Butter together with your Hand, then dash it against the Wall just over the Dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by Pieces, as you have Occasion for it.

If you have a Silver Sauce-pan for the Kitchen Use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black ; this will be for your Master's Honour, for it shews there has been constant good House-keeping : And make room for the Sauce-pan, by wriggling it on the Coals, &c.

In the same Manner, if you are allowed a large Silver Spoon for the Kitchen, let half the Bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This Spoon owes my Master no Service.

When you send up a Mels of Broth, Water-gruel, or the like, to your Master in a Morning, do not forget with your Thumb and two Fingers to put Salt on the Side of the Plate ; for if you make Use of a Spoon, or the End of a Knife, there may be Danger that the Salt would fall, and that would be a Sign of ill Luck. Only remember to lick your Thumb and Fingers clean, before you offer to touch the Salt.

## C H A P III.

*Directions to the FOOTMAN.*

**Y**OUR Employment being of a mixt Nature, extends to a great Variety of Business, and you stand in a fair Way of being the Favourite of your Master or Mistress, or of the young Masters and Misses; you are the fine Gentleman of the Family, with whom all the Maids are in Love. You are sometimes a Pattern of Dress to your Master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at Table in all Companies, and consequently have the Opportunity to see and know the World, and to understand Men and Manners: I confess your Vails are but few, unless you are sent with a Present, or attend the Tea in the Country; but you are called Mr. in the Neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a Fortune; perhaps your Master's Daughter; and I have known many of your Tribe to have good Commands in the Army. In Town you have a Seat reserved for you in the Play-House, where you have an Opportunity of becoming Wits and Criticks: You have no professed Enemy except the Rabble, and my Lady's Waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you Skip-kennel. I have a true Veneration for your Office, because I had once the Honour to be one of your Order, which I foolishly

foolishly left, by demeaning myself with accepting an Employment in the Custom-house. But, that you, my Brethren, may come to better Fortunes, I shall here deliver my Instructions, which have been the Fruits of much Thought and Observation, as well as of seven Years Experience.

In order to learn the Secrets of other Families, tell them those of your Master's; thus you will grow a Favourite both at home and abroad, and regarded as a Person of Importance.

Never be seen in the Streets with a Basket or Bundle in your Hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your Pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your Calling: To prevent which, always retain a Black-guard-boy to carry your Loads; and if you want Farthings, pay him with a good Slice of Bread, or Scrap of Meat.

Let a Shoe-boy clean your own Shoes first, for fear of fouling the Chamber, then let him clean your Master's; keep him on Purpose for that Use, and to run of Errands, and pay him with Scraps. When you are sent on an Errand, be sure to hedge in some Business of your own, either to see your Sweet-heart, or drink a Pot of Ale with some Brother-servants, which is so much Time clear gained.

There is a great Controversy about the most convenient and genteel Way of holding your Plate at Meals; some stick it between the  
Frame

Frame and the Back of the Chair, which is an excellent Expedient, where the Make of the Chair will allow it: Others, for Fear the Plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their Thumb reacheth to the Middle of the Hollow; which however, if your Thumb be dry, is no secure Method; and therefore in that Case, I advise your wetting the Bowl of it, with your Tongue: As to that absurd Practice of letting the Back of the Plate lye leaning on the Hollow of your Hand, which some Ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many Accidents. Others, again, are so refined, that they hold their Plate directly under the left Arm-pit; which is the best Situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the Article of taking away a Dish, where your Plate may happen to fall upon some of the Company's Heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these Ways, which I have frequently tryed; and therefore I recommend a Fourth, which is to stick your Plate up to the Rim inclusive, in the Left Side between your Waistcoat and your Shirt: This will keep it at least as warm as under your Arm-pit, or Ockster, (as the Scots call it;) this will hide it so, as Strangers may take you for a better Servant, too good to hold a Plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip it out in a Moment, ready warmed, to any Guest within your Reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another Convenience in this Method,

Method, that if, any Time during your Waiting, you find yourselves going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out your Plate, and hold the hollow Part close to your Nose or Mouth, and thus prevent spirting any Moisture from either, upon the Dishes or the Ladies Head-dress: You see Gentlemen and Ladies observe a like Practice on such an Occasion, with a Hat or a Handkerchief; yet a Plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for, when your Cough or Sneeze is over, it is but returning your Plate to the same Position, and your Shirt will clean it in the Passage.

Take off the largest Dishes, and set them on with one Hand, to shew the Ladies your Vigour and Strength of Back; but always do it between two Ladies, that if the Dish happens to slip, the Soup or Sauce may fall on their Cloaths, and not daub the Floor: By this Practice, two of our Brethren, my worthy Friends, got considerable Fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion Words, and Oaths, and Songs; and Scraps of Plays that your Memory can hold. Thus you will become the Delight of Nine Ladies in Ten, and the Envy of Ninety-nine Beaux in a Hundred.

Take Care, that at certain Periods, during Dinner especially, when Persons of Quality are there, you and your Brethren be all out of the Room together, by which you will give yourselves some Ease from the Fatigue of waiting,

ing, and at the same time leave the Company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your Presence.

When you are sent on a Message, deliver it in your own Words, altho' it be to a Duke or a Duchess, and not in the Words of your Master or Lady ; for how can they understand what belongs to a Message as well as you, who have been bred to the Employment ? But never deliver the Answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own Style.

When Dinner is done, carry down a great Heap of Plates to the Kitchen, and when you come to the Head of the Stairs, trundle them all before you : There is not a more agreeable Sight or Sound, especially if they be Silver, besides the Trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the Kitchen-Door, for the Scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a Joint of Meat in a Dish, and it falls out of your Hand, before you get into the Dining Room, with the Meat on the Ground, and the Sauce spilled, take up the Meat gently, wipe it with the Lap of your Coat, then put it again into the Dish, and serve it up ; and when your Lady misses the Sauce, tell her, it is to be sent up in a Plate by itself.

When you carry up a Dish of Meat, dip your Fingers in the Sauce, or lick it with your Tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your Master's Table.

You

You are the best Judge of what Acquaintance your Lady ought to have, and therefore, if she sends you on a Message of Compliment or Business to a Family you do not like, deliver the Answer in such a manner, as may breed a Quarrel between them, not to be reconciled: Or, if a Footman comes from the same Family on the like Errand, turn the Answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner, as the other Family may take it for an Affront.

When you are in Lodgings, and no Shoe-boy to be got, clean your Master's Shoes with the Bottom of the Curtains, a clean Napkin, or your Landlady's Apron.

Ever wear your Hat in the House, but when your Master calls; and as soon as you come into his Presence, pull it off to shew your Manners.

Never clean your Shoes on the Scraper, but in the Entry, or at the Foot of the Stairs, by which you will have the Credit of being at home, almost a Minute sooner, and the Scraper will last the longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling Fellow; whereas, if you go out, and nobody observes, you have a Chance of coming home without being missed, and you need not tell your Fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say, you were in the House but two Minutes ago, which is the Duty of all Servants.

Snuff

Snuff the Candles with your Fingers, and throw the Snuff on the Floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking: This Method will very much save the Snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the Tallow, which will make them run, and so encrease the Perquisite of the Cook's Kitchen-stuff; for she is the Person you ought in Prudence to be well with.

While Grace is saying after Meat, do you and your Brethren take the Chairs from behind the Company, so that when they go to it again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your Laughter till you get to the Kitchen, and then divert your Fellow-servants.

When you know your Master is most busy in Company, come in and pretend to fettle about the Room, and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the Bell. This will divert him from plodding on Business too much, or spending himself in Talk, or racking his Thoughts, all which are hurtful to his Constitution.

If you are ordered to break the Claw of a Crab or a Lobster, clap it between the Sides of the Dining Room Door between the Hinges: Thus you can do it gradually without mashing the Meat, which is often the Fate of the Street-Door-Key, or the Pestle.

When you take a foul Plate from any of the Guests, and observe the foul Knife and Fork lying on the Plate, shew your Dexterity, take up



up the Plate, and throw off the Knife and Fork on the Table without shaking off the Bones or broken Meat that are left: Then the Guest, who hath more Time than you, will wipe the Fork and Knife already used.

When you carry a Glass of Liquor to any Person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the Shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the Glass, that would be unmannerly, as if you had a Mind to force it down one's Throat; but stand at the Person's Right Shoulder and wait his Time; and if he strikes it down with his Elbow by Forgetfulness, that was his Fault and not yours.

When your Mistress sends you for a Hackney Coach in a wet Day, come back in the Coach to save your Cloaths and the Trouble of walking; it is better the Bottom of her Petticoats should be daggled with your dirty Shoes, than your Livery be spoiled, and yourself get a Cold.

There is no Indignity so great to one of your Station, as that of lighting your Master in the Streets with a Lanthorn; and therefore it is very honest Policy to try all Arts how to evade it: Besides, it shews your Master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst Qualities you can meet with in any Service. When I was under these Circumstances, I made use of several wise Expedients, which I here recommend to you: Sometimes I took a Candle so long, that it reached to the very Top of the Lanthorn and burned it: But my

Master, after a good Beating, ordered me to paste the Top with Paper. I then used a middling Candle, but stuck it so loose in the Socket that it leaned towards one Side, and burned a whole Quarter of the Horn. Then I used a Bit of Candle of half an Inch, which sunk in the Socket, and melted the Solder, and forced my Master to walk half the Way in the Dark. Then he made me stick two Inches of Candle in the Place where the Socket was; after which, I pretended to stumble, put out the Candle, and broke all the Tin Part to Pieces: At last, he was forced to make use of a Lanthorn-boy out of perfect good Husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that Gentlemen of our Employment have but two Hands to carry Plates, Dishes, Bottles, and the like, out of the Room at Meals; and the Misfortune is still the greater, because one of those Hands is required to open the Door, while you are encumbered with your Load: Therefore, I advise, that the Door may be always left at jarr, so as to open it with your Foot, and then you may carry out Plates and Dishes from your Belly up to your Chin, besides a good Quantity of Things under your Arms, which will save you many a weary Step; but take Care that none of the Burthen falls till you are out the Room, and, if possible, out of Hearing.

If you are sent to the Post-Office with a Letter in a cold rainy Night, step to the Ale-house

house, and take a Pot, until it is supposed you have done your Errand, but take the next fair Opportunity to put the Letter in carefully, as becomes an honest Servant.

If you are ordered to make Coffee for the Ladies after Dinner, and the Pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a Spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the Chamber-maid for a Kiss, wipe the Sides of the Pot clean with a Dish-clout, carry up your Coffee boldly, and when your Lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the Fact absolutely, swear you put in more Coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an Inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your Mistress had Ladies with her, that the Servants in the Kitchen will justify what you say: Upon this, you will find that the other Ladies will pronounce your Coffee to be very good, and your Mistress will confess that her Mouth is out of Taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding Fault. This I would have you do from a Principle of Conscience, for Coffee is very unwholesome; and out of Affection to your Lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible: And upon this Argument, when you have a Mind to treat any of the Maids with a Dish of fresh Coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a third Part of the Powder, an account of your Lady's Health, and getting her Maids Good-will.

If your Master sends you with a small trifling Present to one of his Friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a Diamond Ring ; therefore, if the Present be only Half a Dozen Pippins, send up the Servant who received the Message to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own Hands. This will shew your Exactness and Care to prevent Accidents or Mistakes ; and the Gentleman or Lady cannot do less than give you a Shilling : So when your Master receives the like Present, teach the Messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your Master Hints that may stir up his Generosity ; for Brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for your Master's Honour, which is the chief Point to be consulted by every good Servant, and of which he is the best Judge.

When you step but a few Doors off to tattle with a Wench, or take a running Pot of Ale, or to see a Brother Footman going to be hanged, leave the Street Door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your Master discover you are gone out ; for a Quarter of an Hour's Time can do his Service no Injury.

When you take away the remaining Pieces and press them down with other Plates of Bread after Dinner, put them on foul Plates over them, so as no body can touch them ; and so, they will be a good Perquisite to the Black-guard-boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your Master's Shoes with your own Hand, use the Edge of the

the sharpest Case-knife, and dry them with the Toes an Inch from the Fire, because wet Shoes are dangerous, and besides, by these Arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some Families the Master often sends to the Tavern for a Bottle of Wine, and you are the Messenger: I advise you, therefore, to take the smallest Bottle you can find; but however, make the Drawer give you a full Quart, then you will get a good Sup for yourself, and your Bottle will be filled. As for a Cork to stop it, you need be at no Trouble, for the Thumb will do as well, or a Bit of dirty chewed Paper.

In all Disputes with Chairmen, and Coachmen, for demanding too much, when your Master sends you down to chaffer with them, take Pity of the poor Fellows, and tell your Master that they will not take a Farthing less: It is more for your Interest to get Share of a Pot of Ale, than to save a Shilling for your Master, to whom it is a Trifle.

When you attend your Lady in a dark Night, if she useth her Coach, do not walk by the Coach-side, so as to tire and dirty yourself, but get up into your proper Place, behind it, and so hold the Flambeau sloping forward over the Coach Roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the Corners.

When you leave your Lady at Church on *Sundays*, you have two Hours safe to spend with your Companions at the Ale-house, or over a Beef Stake and a Pot of Beer at home with the

Cook, and the Maids ; and indeed poor Servants have so few Opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear Socks when you wait at Meals, on Account of your own Health, as well as of them who sit at Table ; because as most Ladies like the Smell of young Men's Toes, so it is a sovereign Remedy against the Vapours.

Chuse a Service, if you can, where your Livery Colours are at least tawdry and distinguishing : Green and Yellow immediately betray your Office, and so do all Kinds of Lace, except Silver, which will hardly fall to your Share, unless with a Duke, or some Prodigal just come to his Estate. The Colours you ought to wish for, are Blue, or Filemot turned up with Red ; which with a borrowed Sword, a borrowed Air, your Master's Linen, and a natural and improved Confidence, will give you what Title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry Dishes or other Things out of the Room at Meals, fill both your Hands as full as possible ; for, although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the Year's End, you have made great Dispatch, and saved abundance of Time.

If your Master or Mistress happens to walk the Streets, keep on one Side, and as much on the Level with them as you can, which People observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their  
Compa-

Companions ; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the Necessity to take off your Hat, use but your Thumb and one Finger, and scratch your Head with the rest.

In Winter Time light the Dining-room Fire but two Mintutes before Dinner is served up, that your Master may see, how saving you are of his Coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the Fire, clean away the Ashes from betwixt the Bars with the Fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a Coach, although it be Midnight, go no further than the Door, for Fear of being out of the Way when you are wanted ; and there stand bawling, Coach, Coach, for half an Hour.

Although you Gentlemen in Livery have the Misfortune to be treated scurvily by all Mankind, yet you make a Shift to keep up your Spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable Fortunes. I was an intimate Friend to one of our Brethren, who was Footman to a Court Lady : She had an honourable Employment, was Sister to an Earl, and the Widow of a Man of Quality. She observed something so polite in my Friend, the Gracefulness with which he tript before her Chair, and put his Hair under his Hat, that she made him many Advances ; and one Day taking the Air in her Coach with *Tom* behind it, the Coachman mistook the Way, and stopt at a privileged Chapel, where the Couple were marry'd, and *Tom* came home in the Chariot by his Lady's Side :

Side : But he unfortunately taught her to drink Brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her Plate to purchase it, and *Tom* is now a Journeyman Malster.

*Boucher*, the famous Gamester, was another of our Fraternity, and when he was worth 50,000 *l.* he dunned the Duke of *B——m* for an Arrear of Wages in his Service ; and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose Son had one of the chief Employments at Court ; and sufficient to give you the following Advice, which is to be pert and saucy to all Mankind, especially to the Chaplain, the Waiting-woman, and the better Sort of Servants in a Person of Quality's Family, and value not now and then a Kicking, or a Caning ; for your Insolence will at last turn to good Account ; and from wearing a Livery, you may probably soon carry a Pair of Colours.

When you wait behind a Chair at Meals, keep constantly wriggling the Back of the Chair, that the Person behind whom you stand, may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a Parcel of *China* Plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent Misfortune, your Excuse must be, that a Dog ran across you in the Hall ; that the Chambermaid accidentally pushed the Door against you ; that a Mop stood across the Entry, and tript you up ; that your Sleeve stuck against the Key, or Button of the Lock.

When



When your Master and Lady are talking together in their Bed-chamber, and you have some Suspicion that you or your Fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the Door for the publick Good of all the Servants, and join all to take proper Measures for preventing any Innovations that may hurt the Community.

Be not proud in Prosperity : You have heard that Fortune turns on a Wheel ; if you have a good Place, you are at the Top of the Wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of Doors; your Wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heel'd Shoes, second-hand Toupees, and repair'd Lace Ruffles, besides a swinging Debt to the Ale-wife and the Brandy-shop. The neighbouring Tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury Bit of Ox Cheek in the Morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the Liquor, immediately after you were pack'd off in Disgrace, carried a Petition to your Master, to be paid out of your Wages, whereof not a Farthing was due, and then pursued you with Bailiffs into every blind Cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and out-at-heels ; was forced to borrow an old Livery Coat, to make your Appearance, while you were looking for a Place ; and sneak to every House where you have an old Acquaintance to steal you a Scrap, to keep Life and Soul together ; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest Station of human

man Life, which, as the old Ballad says, is that of a Skip-kennel turned out of Place ; I say, remember all this now in your flourishing Condition. Pay your Contributions duly to your late Brothers the Cadets, who are left to the wide World : Take one of them as your Dependant, to send on your Lady's Messages, when you have a Mind to go to the Alehouse ; slip him out privately now and then a Slice of Bread, and a Bit of cold Meat ; your Master can afford it ; and, if he be not yet put upon the Establishment for a Lodging, let him lye in the Stable, or the Coach-house, or under the Back-stairs, and recommend him to all the Gentlemen who frequent your House, as an excellent Servant.

To grow old in the Office of a Footman, is the highest of all Indignities : Therefore, when you find Years coming on, without Hopes of a Place at Court, a Command in the Army, a Succession to the Stewardship, an Employment in the Revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without Reading and Writing) or running away with your Master's Niece or Daughter ; I directly advise you to go upon the Road, which is the only Post of Honour left you : There you will meet many of your old Comrades, and live a short Life and a merry one, and make a Figure at your Exit, wherein I will give you some Instructions.

The last Advice I give you, relates to your Behaviour when you are going to be hanged ; which, either for robbing your Master, for  
House-

House-breaking, or going upon the Highway, or in a drunken Quarrel, by killing the first Man you meet, may very probably be your Lot, and is owing to one of these three Qualities ; either a Love of good Fellowship, a Generosity of Mind, or too much Vivacity of Spirits. Your good Behaviour on this Article, will concern your whole Community : Deny the Fact with all Solemnity of Imprecations : A Hundred of your Brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the Bar, and be ready upon Demand to give you a good Character before the Court : Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the Promise of a Pardon for discovering your Comrades : But, I suppose all this to be in vain, for if you escape now, your Fate will be the same another Day. Get a Speech to be written by the best Author of *Newgate* : Some of your kind Wenches will provide you with a *Holland* Shirt, and white Cap, crown'd with a crimson or black Ribbon : Take Leave chearfully of all your Friends in *Newgate* : Mount the Cart with Courage ; fall on your Knees ; lift up your Eyes ; hold a Book in your Hands, although you cannot read a Word ; deny the Fact at the Gallows ; kiss and forgive the Hangman, and so farewell : You shall be buried in Pomp, at the Charge of the Fraternity : The Surgeon shall not touch a Limb of you ; and your Fame shall continue until a Successor of equal Renown succeeds in your Place.

## C H A P IV.

*Directions to the COACHMAN.*

**Y**OU are are strictly bound to **Nothing**, but to step into the Box, and **carry** your Master or Lady.

Let your Horses be so well trained, that when you attend your Lady at a Visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring Ale-house, to take a Pot with a Friend.

When you are in no Humour to drive, tell your Master that the Horses have got a Cold, that they wanting shoeing, that Rain does them Hurt, and roughens their Coat, and rots the Harness. This may likewise be applied to the Groom.

If your Master dines with a Country Friend, drink as much as you can get ; because it is allowed, that a good Coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk ; and then shew your Skill, by driving to an Inn by a Precipice ; and say, you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any Gentleman fond of one of your Horses, and willing to give you a Consideration besides the Price ; persuade your Master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is founder'd into the Bargain.

Get

Get a Black-guard-boy to watch your Coach at the Church Door on *Sundays*, that you and your Brother Coachmen may be merry together at the Alehouse, while your Master and Lady are at Church.

Take care that your Wheels be good; and get a new Set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your Perquisite or not: In one Case it will turn to your honest Profit, and in the other, it will be a just Punishment on your Master's Covetousness; and probably, the Coach-maker will consider you too.

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## CHAP. V..

### *Directions to the GROOM.*

**Y**OU are the Servant upon whom the Care of your Master's Honour in all Journies entirely depends: Your Breast is the sole Repository of it. If he travels the Country, and lodgeth at Inns, every Dram of Brandy, every Pot of Ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his Character; and therefore his Reputation ought to be dear to you; and, I hope, you will not stint yourself in either. The Smith, the Sadler's Journeyman,

the Cook at the Inn, the Ostler, and the Boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your Master's Generosity: Thus, his Fame will reach from one County to another; and what is a Gallon of Ale, or a Pint of Brandy in his Worship's Pocket? And, although he should be in the Number of those who value their Credit less than their Purse, yet your Care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His Horse wanted two Removes; your Horse wanted Nails; his Allowance of Oats and Beans was greater than the Journey required; a third Part may be retrenched, and turned into Ale or Brandy; and thus his Honour may be preserved by your Discretion, and less Expence to him; or, if he travels with no other Servant, the Matter is easily made up in the Bill between you and the Tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the Inn, deliver your Horses to the Stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next Pond; then call for a Pot of Ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a Beast. Leave your Master to the Care of the Servants in the Inn, and your Horses to those in the Stable: Thus both he and they are left in the properest Hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your Supper, drink freely, and go to Bed without troubling your Master, who is in better Hands than yours. The Ostler is an honest Fellow, and loves Horses in his Heart, and would not wrong the dumb Creatures

tures for the World. Be tender of your Master, and order the Servants not to wake him too early. Get your Breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you ; make the Ostler tell him the Roads are very good, and the Miles short ; but advise him to stay a little longer till the Weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be Rain, and he will be Time enough after Dinner.

Let your Master mount before you, out of Good-manners. As he is leaving the Inn drop a good Word in Favour of the Ostler, what Care he took of the Cattle ; and add, that you never saw civiller Servants. Let your Master ride on before, and do you stay until the Landlord has given you a Dram ; then gallop after him through the Town or Village with full Speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your Horsemanship.

If you are a Piece of a Farrier, as every good Groom ought to be, get Sack, Brandy, or Strong-beer to rub your Horse's Heels every Night ; and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose it.

Consider your Master's Health, and rather than let him take long Journies, say the Cattle are weak, and fallen in their Flesh with hard riding ; tell him of a very good Inn five Miles nearer than he intended to go ; or leave one of his Horse's Fore-shoes loose in the Morning ; or contrive that the Saddle may pinch the Beast in his Withers ; or keep him without

Corn all Night and Morning, so that he may tire on the Road ; or wedge a thin Plate of Iron between the Hoof and the Shoe, to make him halt ; and all this in perfect Tenderneſs to your Maſter.

When you are going to be hired, and the Gentleman asks you whether you are apt to be drunk ; own freely that you love a Cup of good Ale ; but that it is your Way, drunk or ſober, never to neglect your Horſes.

When your Maſter hath a mind to ride out for the Air, or for Pleaſure, if any private Buſineſs of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him ; give him to underſtand, that the Horſes want Bleeding or Purging ; that his own Pad hath got a Surfeit ; or, that the Saddle wants ſtuffing, and his Bridle is gone to be mended : This you may honeſtly do, becauſe it will be no Injury to the Horſes or your Maſter ; and at the ſame time ſhews the great Care you have of the poor dumb Creatures.

If there be a particular Inn in the Town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the Oſtler or Tapſter, and the People of the Houſe ; find fault with the other Inns, and recommend your Maſter thither ; it may probably be a Pot and a Dram or two more in your Way, and to your Maſter's Honour.

If your Maſter ſends you to buy Hay, deal with thoſe who will be the moſt liberal to you ; for Service being no Inheritance, you ought  
not



not to let slip any lawful and customary Perquisite. If your Master buys it himself, he wrongs you, and to teach him his Duty, be sure to find fault with the Hay as long as it lasts; and, if the Horses thrive with it, the Fault is yours.

Hay and Oats in the Management of a skilful Groom, will make excellent Ale, as well as Brandy; but this I only hint.

When your Master dines, or lies at a Gentleman's House in the Country, altho' there be no Groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the Horses have been quite neglected, be sure employ some of the Servants to hold the Horse when your Master mounts. This I would have you do, when your Master only alights, to call in for a few Minutes: For Brother-Servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your Master's Honour; because he cannot do less than give a Piece of Money to him who holds his Horse.

In long Journies, ask your Master Leave to give Ale to the Horses; carry two Quarts full to the Stable, pour Half a Pint into a Bowl, and, if they will not drink it, you and the Ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better Humour at the next Inn, for I would have you never fail to make the Experiment.

When you go to air your Horses in the Park, or the Fields, give them to a Horse-boy, or one of the Black-guards, who being lighter than you, may be trusted to run Races with

less Damage to the Horses, and teach them to leap over Hedges and Ditches, while you are drinking a friendly Pot with your Brother Grooms: But sometimes you and they may run Races yourselves for the Honour of your Horses, and of your Masters.

Never stint your Horses at home in Hay and Oats, but fill the Rack to the Top and the the Manger to the Brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; although perhaps, they may not have the Stomach to eat; consider, they have no Tongues to ask. If the Hay be thrown down, there is no Loss, for it will make Litter and save Straw.

When your Master is leaving a Gentleman's House in the Country, where he hath lain a Night; then consider his Honour: Let him know how many Servants there are of both Sexes, who expect Vails; and give them their Cue to attend in two Lines, as he leaves the House; but, desire him not to trust the Money with the Butler, for fear he should cheat the rest: This will force your Master to be more generous; and then you may take Occasion to tell your Master, that Squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much apiece to the common Servants, and so much to the House-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but, be sure you tell the Servants what a good Office you did them: This will gain you Love, and your Master Honour.

You

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the Coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own Behalf; because you hazard Nobody's Neck but your own; for the Horse will probably take so much Care of himself, as to come off only with a Strain or a Shoulder-slip.

When you carry your Master's Riding-Coat in a Journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a Strap, but turn your Master's Inside out, to preserve the Outside from Wet and Dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your Master's Coat will be first ready to be given him, and, if it get more Hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your Livery must always serve its Year's Apprenticeship.

When you come to your Inn with the Horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the Ostler immediately plunge them into Water up to their Bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full-speed a Mile at least, to dry their Skins and warm the Water in their Bellies. The Ostler understands his Business, leave all to his Discretion, while you get a Pot of Ale and some Brandy at the Kitchen Fire to comfort your Heart.

If your Horse drop a Fore-Shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: Then ride with all the Speed you can (the Shoe in your Hand that every Traveller may observe your Care) to the next Smith on the Road, make him put it on immediately, that your Master may not wait

wait for you, and that the poor Horse may be as short a Time as possible without a Shoe.

When your Master lies at a Gentleman's House, if you find the Hay and Oats are good, complain aloud of their Badness; this will get the Name of a diligent Servant; and be sure to cram the Horses with as much Oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some Days at the Inns, and turn the Oats into Ale. When you leave the Gentleman's House, tell your Master what a covetous Huncks that Gentleman was, that you got nothing but Butter-milk or Water to drink; this will make your Master, out of Pity, allow you a Pot of Ale the more at the next Inn: But if you happen to get drunk in a Gentleman's House, your Master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present Condition, and let him know it is both for his and the Gentleman's Honour to make a Friend's Servant welcome.

A Master ought always to love his Groom, to put him into a handsome Livery, and to allow him a Silver-laced Hat. When you are in this Equipage, all the Honours he receives on the Road are owing to you alone: That he is not turned out of the Way by every Carrier, is caused by the Civility he receives at second Hand from the Respect paid to your Livery.

You

You may now and then lend your Master's Pad to a Brother Servant, or your favourite Maid, for a short Jaunt, or hire him for a Day, because the Horse is spoiled for want of Exercise: And if your Master happens to want his Horse, or hath a Mind to see the Stable, curse that Rogue the Helper, who is gone out with the Key.

When you want to spend an Hour or two with your Companions at the Alehouse, and that you stand in need of a reasonable Excuse for your Stay, go out of the Stable Door, or the back Way, with an old Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather in your Pocket, and on your Return come home by the Street Door with the same Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather dangling in your Hand, as if you came from the Sadler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you were not missed all is well) but if you are met by your Master, you will have the Reputation of a careful Servant. This I have known practised with good Success.



## C H A P. VI.

*Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD,  
and LAND-STEWARD.*

**L**ORD *Peterborough's* Steward that pulled down his House, sold the Materials, and charged my Lord with Repairs. Take Money for Forbearance from Tenants. Renew Leases and get by them, and sell Woods. Lend my Lord his own Money. (*Gilblas* said much of this, to whom I refer.)

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## C H A P. VII.

*Directions to the PORTER.*

**I**F your Master be a Minister of State, let him be at Home to none but his Pimp, or Chief Flatterer, or one of his Pensionary Writers, or his hired Spy, and Informer, or his Printer in ordinary, or his City Solicitor, or a Land-jobber, or his Inventor of new Funds, or a Stock-jobber.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Directions to the* CHAMBER-MAID.

**T**HE Nature of your Employment differs according to the Quality, the Pride, or the Wealth of the Lady you serve; and this Treatise is to be applied to all Sorts of Families; so, that I find myself under great Difficulty to adjust the Business for which you are hired. In a Family where there is a tolerable Estate, you differ from the House-maid, and in that View I give my Directions. Your particular Province is your Lady's Chamber, where you make the Bed, and put Things in Order; and if you live in the Country, you take Care of Rooms where Ladies lie who come into the House, which brings in all the Vails that fall to your Share. Your usual Lover, as I take it, is the Coachman; but, if you are under Twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a Footman may cast his Eyes on you.

Get your favourite Footman to help you in making your Lady's Bed; and, if you serve a young Couple, the Footman and you, as you are turning up the Bedcloaths, will make the prettiest Observations in the World, which  
whispered

whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole Family, and get among the Neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary Vessels for the Fellows to see, but empty them out of the Window, for your Lady's Credit. It is highly improper for Men Servants to know that fine Ladies have Occasion for such Utensils; and do not scour the Chamber-pot, because the Smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any China with the Top of the Whisk on the Mantle-tree or the Cabinet, gather up the Fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your Lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the Service. This will save your Lady many an Hour's Vexation.

It sometimes happens that a Looking-Glass is broken by the same Means, while you are looking another Way. As you sweep the Chamber, the long End of the Brush strikes against the Glass, and breaks it to Shivers. This is the extreamest of all Misfortunes, and all Remedy desperate in Appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal Accident once happened in a great Family where I had the Honour to be a Footman; and I will relate the Particulars, to shew the Ingenuity of the poor Chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an Emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your Invention,

if



if your evil Star should ever give you the like Occasion : The poor Girl had broken a large Japan Glass of great Value, with a Stroke of her Brush : She had not considered long, when by a prodigious Presence of Mind, she locked the Door, stole into the Yard, brought a Stone of three Pound Weight into the Chamber, laid it on the Hearth just under the Looking-glass, then broke a Pane in the Sash-window that looked into the same Yard, so shut the Door, and went about her other Affairs. Two Hours after, the Lady goes into the Chamber, sees the Glass broken, the Stone lying under, and a whole Pane in the Window destroyed ; from all which Circumstances, she concluded, just as the Maid could have wished, that some idle Straggler in the Neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the Out-servants, had, through Malice, Accident, or Carelessness, flung in the Stone and done the Mischief. Thus far all Things went well, and the Girl concluded herself out of Danger : But it was her ill Fortune, that a few Hours after in came the Parson of the Parish, and the Lady (naturally) told him the Accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her ; but the Minister, who happened to understand Mathematicks, after examining the Situation of the Yard, the Window, and the Chimney, soon convinced the Lady, that the Stone could never reach the Looking-glass, without taking three Turns in its Flight from the Hand that threw it ; and the Maid being proved to have

swept the Room the same Morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her Salvation, offering to take her Oath upon the Bible, before his Reverence, that she was as innocent as the Child unborn; yet the poor Wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard Treatment, considering her Ingenuity. However, this may be a Direction to you in the like Case, to contrive a Story that will better hang together. For Instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the Mop or Brush, a Flash of Lightning came suddenly in at the Window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken Glass on the Hearth; that as soon as you recovered your Eyes, you saw the Looking-glass all broken to Pieces: Or, you may alledge, that observing the Glass a little covered with Dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the Moisture of the Air had dissolved the Glue or Cement, which made it fall to the Ground: Or, as soon as the Mischief is done, you may cut the Cords that fastened the Glass to the Wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the Ground; run out in a Fright, tell your Lady, curse the Upholsterer; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your Head. I offer these Expedients, from a Desire I have to defend the Innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the Glass on Purpose, which I would by no Means excuse, except upon great Provocations.

Oil

Oil the Tongs, Poker, and Fire-shovel up to the Top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling People from wasting your Master's Coals with stirring the Fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the Dust into a Corner of the Room, but leave your Brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your Hands, or put on a clean Apron, till you have made your Lady's Bed, for fear of rumpling your Apron, or fouling your Hands again.

When you bar the Window-shuts of your Lady's Bed-chamber at Nights, leave open the Sashes to let in the fresh Air, and sweeten the Room against Morning.

In the Time when you leave the Windows open for Air, leave Books, or something else on the Window-seat, that they may get Air too.

When you sweep your Lady's Room, never stay to pick up foul Smocks, Handkerchiefs, Pinners, Pincushions, Tea-spoons, Ribbons, Slippers, or whatever lies in your Way ; but sweep all into a Corner, and then you may take them up in a Lump and save Time.

Making Beds in hot Weather is very laborious Work, and you will be apt to sweat ; therefore, when you find the Drops running down from your Forehead, wipe them off with a Corner of the Sheet, that they may not be seen on the Bed.

When your Lady sends you to wash a China Cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your Hand, when it broke into *three Halves*: And here I must inform you, as well as your Fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an Excuse; it doth no Harm to your Master, and it lessens your Fault: As in this Instance, I do not commend you for breaking the Cup; it is certain you did not break it on Purpose; and the Thing is possible, that it might break in your Hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a Funeral, a Quarrel, a Man going to be hanged, a Wedding, a Bawd carted, or the like: As they pass by in the Street, you lift up the Sash suddenly, there by Misfortune it sticks: This was no Fault of yours; young Women are curious by Nature; you have no Remedy, but to cut the Cord, and lay the Fault upon the Carpenter, unless nobody saw you, and then you are as innocent as any Servant in the House.

Wear your Lady's Smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you Credit, save your own Linen, and be not a Pin the worse.

When you put a clean Pillow-case on your Lady's Pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking Pins, that it may not fall off in the Night.

When you spread Bread and Butter for Tea, be sure that all the Holes in the Loaf be left full of Butter, to keep the Bread moist against Dinner; and let the Mark of your Thumb be  
seen

seen only upon one End of every Slice, to shew your Cleanliness.

When you are order'd to open or lock any Door, Trunk, or Cabinet, and miss the proper Key, or cannot distinguish it in the Bunch; try the first Key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your Strength, till you open the Lock, or break the Key; for your Lady will reckon you a Fool, to come back and do nothing.

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C H A P. IX.

*Directions to the* WAITING-MAID.

**T**WO Accidents have happened to lessen the Comforts and Profits of your Employment; First, that execrable Custom got among Ladies, of trucking their old Cloaths for China, or turning them to cover easy Chairs, or making them into Patch-work for Screens, Stools, Cushions, and the like. The Second is, the Invention of small Chests and Trunks, with Lock and Key, wherein they keep the Tea and Sugar, without which it is impossible for a Waiting-maid to live: For, by this Means, you are forced to buy brown  
H 3 Sugar,

Sugar, and pour Water upon the Leaves, when they have lost all their Spirit and Taste. I cannot contrive any perfect Remedy against either of these two Evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general Confederacy of all the Servants in every Family, for the publick Good, to drive those China Hucksters from the Doors; and as to the latter, there is no other Method to relieve yourselves, but by a false Key, which is a Point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the Circumstance of Honesty in procuring one, I am under no Doubt, when your Mistress gives you so just a Provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal Perquisite. The Mistress of the Tea-shop may now and then give you half an Ounce, but that will be only a Drop in the Bucket: Therefore, I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your Sisters, to run in Trust, and pay for it out of your Wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other Ways, if your Lady be handsome, or her Daughters have good Fortunes.

If you are in a great Family, and my Lady's Woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own Lady. In this Case take Care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest Liberty, not the squeezing of your Hand, unless he puts a Guinea into it; so, by Degrees, make him pay accordingly

cordingly for every new Attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the Concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your Lady, although you receive his Money : Five Guineas for handling your Breast is a cheap Pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your Might ; but never allow him the last Favour under a hundred Guineas, or a Settlement of twenty Pounds a Year for Life.

In such a Family, if you are handsome, you will have the Choice of three Lovers : the Chaplain, the Steward, and my Lord's Gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the Steward ; but, if you happen to be young with Child by my Lord, you must take up with the Chaplain. I like my Lord's Gentleman the least of the three ; for he is usually vain and saucy from the Time he throws off his Livery ; and if he misseth a Pair of Colours, or a Tide-waiter's Place, he hath no Remedy but the High-way.

I must caution you particularly against my Lord's eldest Son : If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a Lady : If he be a common Rake (and he must be one or t'other) avoid him like *Satan* ; for he stands less in Awe of a Mother, than my Lord doth of a Wife ; and, after ten thousand Promises, you will get nothing from him, but a big Belly or a Clap, and probably both together.

When

When your Lady is ill, and, after a very bad Night, is getting a little Nap in the Morning, if a Footman comes with a Message to enquire how she doth, do not let the Compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the Message, receive her Answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young Lady with a great Fortune, you must be an ill Manager if you cannot give Five or Six hundred Pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in Mind, that she is rich enough to make any Man happy; that there is no real Happiness but in Love; that she hath Liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the Direction of Parents, who never give Allowances for an innocent Passion; that there are a World of handsome, fine, sweet young Gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her Feet; that the Conversation of two Lovers is a Heaven upon Earth; that Love, like Death, equals all Conditions; that if she should cast her Eyes upon a young Fellow below her in Birth and Estate, his marrying her would make him a Gentleman; that you saw Yesterday on the Mall, the prettiest Ensign; and that if you had forty thousand Pounds it should be at his Service. Take Care that every Body should know what Lady you live with; how great a Favourite you are; and, that she always takes your Advice. Go often to St. James's Park, the fine Fellows will soon discover you, or contrive to slip a Letter into your Sleeve or  
your



your Bosom : Pull it out in a Fury, and throw it on the Ground, unless you find at least two Guineas along with it ; but in that Case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the Wag with you : When you come home, drop the Letter carelessly in your Lady's Chamber ; she finds it, is angry ; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember, that a Gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the Letter into your Sleeve or Petticoat ; and, indeed, he was as pretty a Man as ever she saw : That she may burn the Letter if she pleaseth. If your Lady be wise, she will burn some other Paper before you, and read the Letter when you are gone down. You must follow this Practice as often as you safely can ; but, let him who pays you best with every Letter, be the handsomest Man. If a Footman presumes to bring a Letter to the House, to be delivered to you, for your Lady, although it comes from your best Customer, throw it at his Head ; call him impudent Rogue and Villain, and shut the Door in his Face ; run up to your Lady, and, as a Proof of your Fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this Subject, but I trust to your own Discretion.

If you serve a Lady who is a little disposed to Gallantries, you will find it a Point of great Prudence how to manage : Three Things are necessary. First, how to please your Lady ; Secondly,

Secondly, how to prevent Suspicion in the Husband, or among the Family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own Advantage. To give you full Directions in this important Affair, would require a large Volume. All Assignations at home are dangerous, both to your Lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third Place; especially, if your Lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more Lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand Husbands; and, very unlucky Rencontres may often happen under the best Management. I need not warn you to employ your good Offices chiefly in favour of those, whom you find most liberal; yet, if your Lady should happen to cast an Eye upon a handsome Footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her Humour; which is no Singularity, but a very natural Appetite: It is still the safest of all home Intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late Years it hath grown more common. The great Danger is, lest this Kind of Gentry, dealing too often in bad Ware, may happen not to be sound; and then your Lady and you are in a very bad Way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the Truth, I confess it is a great Presumption in me, to offer you any Instructions in the Conduct of your Lady's Amours, wherein your whole Sisterhood is already so expert,

expert, and deeply learned ; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that Assistance which my Brother-footmen give their Masters, on the like Occasion ; and therefore I leave this Affair to be treated by some abler Pen.

When you lock up a Silk Mantua, or laced Head in a Trunk or Chest, leave a Piece out, that when you open the Trunk again, you may know where to find it.

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## CHAP. X.

### *Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.*

**I**F your Master and Lady go into the Country for a Week or more, never wash the Bed-chamber or Dining-room until just the Hour before you expect them to return : Thus the Rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the Trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those Ladies, who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the Pains of stepping into the Garden to pluck

pluck a Rose, but keep an odious Impleiment, sometimes in the Bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark Closet adjoining, which they make Use of to ease their worst Necessities; and you are the usual Carriers away of the Pan, which maketh not only the Chamber, but even their Cloaths, offensive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious Practice, let me advise you, on whom this Office lies to convey away this Utenzil, that you will do it openly, down the great Stairs, and in the Presence of the Footmen; and, if any body knocks, to open the Street-door, while you have the Vessel filled in your Hands: This, if any Thing can, will make your Lady take the Pains of evacuating her Person in the proper Place, rather than expose her Filthiness to all the Men-servants in the House.

Leave a Pail of dirty Water with the Mop in it, a Coal-box, a Bottle, a Broom, a Chamber-pot, and such other unsightly Things, either in a blind Entry, or upon the darkest Part of the Back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and if People break their Shins by trampling on them, it is their own Fault.

Never empty the Chamber-pots until they are quite full: If that happeneth in the Night, empty them into the Street; if in the Morning, into the Garden; for it would be an endless Work to go a Dozen Times from the Garret and upper Rooms, down to the Backsides; but, never wash them in another Liquor except

cept their own : What cleanly Girl would be dabbling in other Folks Urine ? and besides, the Smell of Stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the Vapours ; which, a hundred to one, may be your Lady's Case.

Brush down the Cobwebs with a Broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the Parlour Hearth in a Morning, throw the last Night's Ashes into a Sieve ; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of Sand for the Room and the Stairs.

When you have scoured the Brasses and Irons in the Parlour Chimney, lay the foul wet Clout upon the next Chair, that your Lady may see you have not neglected your Work : Observe the same Rule, when you clean the Brass Locks, only with this Addition, to leave the Marks of your Fingers on the Doors, to shew you have not forgot.

Leave your Lady's Chamber-pot in her Bed-chamber Window all Day to air.

Bring up none but large Coals to the Dining-room and your Lady's Chamber ; they make the best Fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the Marble Hearth.

When you go to Bed, be sure take Care of Fire ; and therefore blow the Candle out with your Breath, and then thrust it under your Bed. Note, The Smell of the Snuff is very good against Vapours.

Persuade the Footman who got you with Child, to marry you before your Month is gone; and if your Lady asks you, why you would take a Fellow who is not worth a Groat? let your Answer be, That Service is no Inheritance.

When your Lady's Bed is made, put the Chamber-pot under it, but in such a Manner, as to thrust the Valance along with it, that it may be full in Sight, and ready for your Lady when she hath Occasion to use it.

Lock up a Cat or a Dog in some Room or Closet, so as to make such a Noise all over the House, as may frighten away the Thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the Rooms towards the Street, over Night, throw the foul Water out of the Street-door, but, be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the Water lights, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on Purpose. If he who suffers breaks the Windows in revenge, and your Lady chides you, and gives positive Orders that you should carry the Pail down, and empty it in the Sink; you have an easy Remedy: When you wash an upper Room, carry down the Pail so as to let the Water dribble on the Stairs all the Way down to the Kitchen; by which not only your Load will be lighter, but you will convince your Lady, that it is better to throw the Water out of the Windows, or down the Street-door Steps: Besides, this latter Practice will

will be very diverting to you and the Family in a frosty Night, to see a hundred People falling on their Noses or Back-sides before your Door, when the Water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the Marble Hearths and Chimney-pieces with a Clout dipt in Grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and it is the Business of the Ladies to take Care of their Petticoats.

If your Lady be so nice that she will have the Room scoured with Freestone, be sure to leave the Marks of the Freestone six Inches deep round the Bottom of the Wainscot, that your Lady may see your Obedience to her Orders.

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## C H A P. XI.

### *Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.*

**F**ATIGUE of making Butter: Put scalding Water in your Churn, although in Summer, and churn close to the Kitchen-fire, and with Cream of a Week old. Keep Cream an your Sweet-heart.

## C H A P. XII.

*Directions to the* CHILDRENS MAID!

**I**F a Child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the Doctor : For what we long for in Sickness will do us good ; and throw the Physick out of the Window ; the Child will love you the better ; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your Lady when she longs for any thing in Sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your Mistress cometh to the Nursery, and offers to whip a Child, snatch it out of her Hands in a Rage, and tell her she is the cruellest Mother you ever saw : She will chide, but love you the better. Tell the Children Stories of Spirits, when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the Children, &c.



## C H A P. XIII.

*Directions to the NURSE.*

**I**F you happen to let the Child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it ; and, if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with Child as soon as you can, while you are giving Suck, that you may be ready for another Service, when the Child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

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## C H A P. XIV.

*Directions to the LAUNDRESS.*

**I**F you singe the Linen with the Iron, rub the Place with Flour, Chalk, or white Powder ; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to Rags.

About tearing Linen in washing.

90 *Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER, &c.*

When your Linen is pinned on the Line, or on a Hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the Place for hanging them, is on young Fruit-Trees, especially in Blossom; the Linen cannot be torn, and the Trees give them a fine Smell.

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C H A P X V.

*Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.*

**Y**OU must always have a favourite Footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the Second Course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your Office, that you and the Steward may have a Tit-bit together.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XVI.

*Directions to the T U T O R E S S, or  
G O V E R N E S S.*

**S**AY the Children have sore Eyes ; Miss Betty won't take to her Book, &c.

Make the Misses read *French* and *English* Novels, and *French* Romances, and all the Comedies writ in King *Charles II.* and King *William's* Reigns, to soften their Nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.



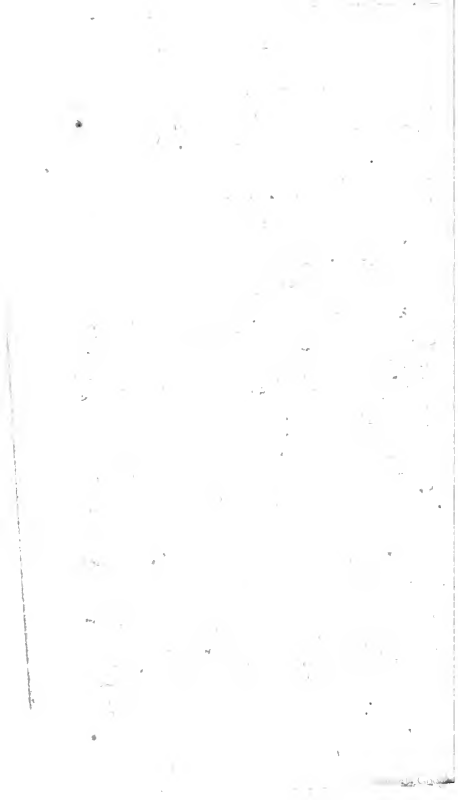
T H E



THE  
S T O R Y  
OF THE  
INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF.

In a LETTER to her FRIEND,  
with his ANSWER.



THE  
STORY  
OF THE  
INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF.

In a LETTER to her FRIEND, with  
his ANSWER.

S I R,

**B**EING ruined by the Inconstancy and Unkindness of a Lover, I hope a true, and plain Relation of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Warning to credulous Maids, never to put too much Trust in deceitful Men.

A Gentleman in the Neighbourhood had two Mistresses, another and myself; and he pretended honourable Love to us both. Our three Houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from

from mine by a River, and from my Rival's by an old broken Wall. But before I enter into the Particulars of this Gentleman's hard Usage of me, I will give a very just impartial Character of my Rival and Myself.

As to her Person, she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she hath bad Features, and a worse Complexion; she hath a stinking Breath, and twenty ill Smells about her besides; which are yet more unsufferable by her natural Sluttishness: for she is always lousy, and never without the Itch. As to her other Qualities, she hath no Reputation either for Virtue, Honesty, Truth, or Manners: and it is no wonder, considering what her Education hath been. Scolding and Cursing are her common Conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry Maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this Gentleman, who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible Hatred; revileth him to his Face, and railleth at him in all Companies. Her House is frequented by a Company of Rogues and Thieves, and Pickpockets, whom she encourageth to rob his Hen-roosts, steal his Corn and Cattle, and do him all manner of Mischief. She hath been known to come at the Head of these Rascals, and beat her Lover until he was sore from Head to Foot, and then force him to pay for the Trouble she was at. Once, attended with a Crew of Ragganuffins, she broke into his House, turn'd all



all Things topsy-turvy, and then set it on Fire. At the same time she told so many Lies among his Servants, that it set them all by the Ears, and his poor Steward was knock'd on the Head; for which I think, and so doth all the Country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her Character; she is of a different Religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent Kind, and consequently having an inveterate Hatred to the Church; yet, I am sure, I have been always told, that in Marriage there ought to be an Union of Minds as well as of Persons.

I will now give my own Character, and shall do it in few Words, and with Modesty and Truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our Neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with Grief and ill Usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill Feature about me. They that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great Share of Beauty; for besides being so much altered, I go always mobb'd, and in an Undress, as well out of Neglect, as indeed for want of Cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good Estate, although it now turneth to little Account under the Oppressions I endure, and hath been the true Cause of all my Misfortunes.

Some Years ago this Gentleman taking a Fancy either to my Person or Fortune, made

his Addressee to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; he seemed to use me with so much Tenderness, and his Conversation was so very engaging, that all my Constancy and Virtue were too soon overcome; and to dwell no longer upon a Theme that causeth such bitter Reflections, I must confess with Shame, that I was undone by the common Arts practised upon all easy credulous Virgins, half by Force, and half by Consent, after solemn Vows and Protestations of Marriage. When he had once got Possession, he soon began to play the usual Part of a too fortunate Lover, affecting on all Occasions to shew his Authority, and to act like a Conqueror. First, he found Fault with the Government of my Family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate Creatures; for at that Time I knew but little of the World. In Compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his Ways and Methods of Living; I consented that his Steward should govern my House, and have Liberty to employ an Under-Steward, who should receive his Directions. My Lover proceeded farther, turning away several old Servants and Tenants, and supplying me with others from his own House. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no Quiet, and I heard of Nothing but perpetual Quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my Lover laid all the Blame and Punishment upon

upon me ; and upon every Falling-out, still turned away more of my People, and supplied me in their Stead with a Number of Fellows and Dependents of his own, whom he had no other Way to provide for. Overcome by Love, and to avoid Noise and Contention, I yielded to all his Usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best Policy to make my Court to my new Servants, and draw them to my Interests ; I fed them from my own Table with the best I had, put my new Tenants on the choice Parts of my Land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their Master. In Process of Time all my old Servants were gone, and I had not a Creature about me, nor above one or two Tenants but what were of his chusing ; yet I had the good Luck, by gentle Usage, to bring over the greatest Part of them to my Side. When my Lover observed this, he began to alter his Language ; and, to those who enquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old Dependent upon his Family, whom he had plac'd on some Concerns of his own ; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting, by Degrees, all common Civility in his Behaviour. I shall never forget the Speech he made me one Morning, which he deliver'd with all the Gravity in the World. He put me in Mind of the vast Obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his People, for my own Good, and to teach me Manners :

That it had cost him Ten times more than I was worth to maintain me : That it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the Bottom of the Sea : That it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able, to reimburse him some of his Charges : That from henceforward he expected his Word should be a Law to me in all Things : That I must maintain a Parish-watch against Thieves and Robbers, and give Salaries to an Overseer, a Constable, and Others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from Time to Time to be Spies upon me : That to enable me the better in supporting these Expences, my Tenants shall be obliged to carry all their Goods cross the River to his own Town-market, and pay Toll on both Sides, and then sell them at half Value. But because we were a nasty Sort of People, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a Hand in, and likewise, because he wanted Work to employ his own Folks, therefore we must send all our Goods to his Market just in their Naturals ; the Milk immediately from the Cow, without making it into Cheese or Butter ; the Corn in the Ear ; the Grass as it is mowed ; the Wool as it cometh from the Sheep's Back ; and bring the Fruit upon the Branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy Hands : That, if a Tenant carried but a Piece of Bread and Cheese to eat by the Way, or an Inch of Worsted to mend

mend his Stockings, he should forfeit his whole Parcel : And because a Company of Rogues usually plyed on the River between us, who often robbed my Tenants of their Goods and Boats, he ordered a Waterman of his to guard them, whose Manner was to be out of the Way until the poor Wretches were plundered ; then to overtake the Thieves, and seize all as lawful Prize to his Master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other Hardships he hath put upon me ; but it is a general Rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest Advantage will redound to one of his Foot-boys, by any new Oppression of me and my whole Family and Estate, he never disputeth it a Moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at Home, that some Servants, to whom I pay the greatest Wages, and many Tenants, who have the most beneficial Leases, are gone over to live with him ; yet I am bound to continue their Wages, and pay their Rents ; by which Means one third Part of my whole Income is spent on his Estate, and above another Third by his Tolls and Markets ; and my poor Tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that, instead of maintaining me suitably to my Quality, they can hardly find me Cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common Necessaries of Life for themselves.

Matters being in this Posture between me and my Lover, I received Intelligence that he had been for some Time making very pressing Overtures of Marriage to my Rival, until there happened some Misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill Words, and threatened to break off all Commerce with him. He, on the other Side, having either acquired Courage by his Triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a Fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high Hand; but hearing at the same Time, that she had Thoughts of making some private Proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good Reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper Occasion to shew some great Example of Generosity and Love; and so, without further Consideration, I sent him Word, that, hearing there was like to be a Quarrel between him and my Rival, notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any Conditions in my own Favour, I would stand by him against her and all the World, while I had a Penny in my Purse, or a Petticoat to pawn. This Message was subscribed by all my chief Tenants; and proved so powerful, that my Rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The Result of which was, that there is now a Treaty of Marriage concluded between them, the Wedding Cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the Ceremony, which

is put off for some Days, because they design it to be a publick Wedding. And to reward my Love, Constancy, and Generosity, he hath bestowed on me the Office of being Sempstress to his Grooms and Footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my Situation, I cannot but have some Pity for this deluded Man, to cast himself away on an infamous Creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very Minute rather be a Whore to a certain Great Man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her Will. For my Part, I think, and so doth all the Country too, that the Man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitch'd him, or given him some Powder.

I am sure I never sought this Alliance, and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other Matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have Offers, that some, who hold their Heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked Thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little Quiet, to be free from the Persecutions of this unreasonable Man, and that he will let me manage my own little Fortune to the best Advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable Pension every Year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his Oppressions; for he must needs find himself a Loser at last, when he hath

hath drained me and my Tenants so dry, that we shall not have a Penny for him or ourselves. There is one Imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think unsufferable, and will appeal to you, or any reasonable Person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that by an old Compact, we agreed to have the same Steward, at which Time I consented likewise to regulate my Family and Estate by the same Method with him, which he then shewed me writ down in Form, and I approved of. Now, the Turn he thinks fit to give this Compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that, whatever Orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his Family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them, without asking my Advice, or hearing my Reasons. So that, I must not make a Lease without his Consent, or give any Directions for the well-governing of my Family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such Confusion and Uncertainty, that my Servants know not when to obey me, and my Tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a Loss.

But, I am too tedious upon this melancholy Subject, which, however, I hope you will forgive, since the Happiness of my whole Life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think awhile, and give your best Advice,  
what



what Measures I shall take with Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Honour, to protect my Liberty and Fortune against the Hardships and Severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant Man.



THE

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THE  
ANSWER  
TO THE  
INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyship's Letter, and carefully considered every Part of it, and shall give you my Opinion how you ought to proceed for your own Security. But first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable Weakness t'other Day in making that Offer to your Lover, of standing by him in any Quarrel he might have with your Rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend he had Designs of  
using

using her as he had done you ; and common Prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some Measures with her for joining against him, until he might at least be brought to some reasonable Terms : But your invincible Hatred to that Lady hath carried your Resentments so high, as to be the Cause of your Ruin ; yet, if you please to consider, this Aversion of yours began a good while before she became your Rival, and was taken up by you and your Family, in a Sort of Compliment to your Lover, who formerly had a great Abhorrence for her. It is true, since that Time you have suffered very much by her Encroachments upon your Estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you ; and now you have drawn a new Enemy upon yourself ; for I think you may count upon all the ill Offices she can possibly do you by her Credit with her Husband ; whereas, if instead of openly declaring against her without any Provocation, you had but sat still awhile, and said Nothing, that Gentleman would have lessened his Severity to you out of perfect Fear. This Weakness of yours, you call Generosity : but I doubt there was more in the matter : In short, Madam, I have good Reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious Counsels of some about you : For, to my certain Knowledge, several of your Tenants and Servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant Rascals as any in the Country. I cannot but

but observe what a mighty Difference there is in one Particular between your Ladyship and your Rival. Having yielded up your Person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very Conditions for which you yielded at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some Years since your Rival did the same Thing, and upon no Conditions at all; nay, this Gentleman kept her as a Miss, and yet made her pay for her very Diet and Lodging. But, it being at a Time when he had no Steward, and his Family out of Order, she stole away, and hath now got the Trick very well known among the Women of the Town, to grant a Man the Favour over Night, and the next Day have the Impudence to deny it to his Face. But, it is too late to reproach you with any former Oversight, which cannot now be rectified. I know the Matters of Fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly represented. My Advice therefore is this: Get your Tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following Resolutions:

*First*, That your Family and Tenants have no Dependence upon the said Gentleman; further than by the old Agreement, which obligeth you to have the same Steward, and to regulate your Household by such Methods as you shall both agree to.

*Secondly*,

*Secondly*, That you will not carry your Goods to the Market of his Town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

*Thirdly*, That the Servants you pay Wages to shall live at home, or forfeit their Places.

*Fourthly*, That whatever Lease you make to a Tenant, it shall not be in his Power to break it.

If he will agree to these Articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can, to all Charges of Parish and County.

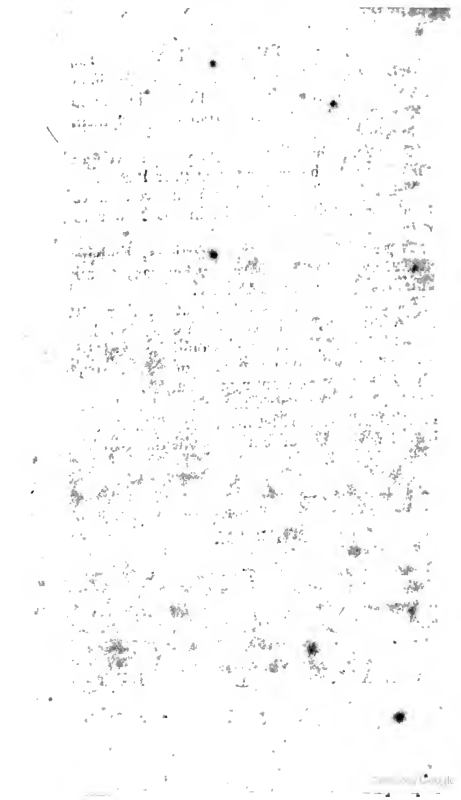
I can assure you, several of that Gentleman's ablest Tenants and Servants are against his severe Usage of you, and would be glad of an Occasion to convince the rest of their Error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the Gentleman refuses these just and reasonable Offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

*I am,*

*MADAM,*

*Your Ladyship's, &c.*



# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor *SWIFT*.

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# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor *SWIFT*.

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*A Monsieur Monsieur Hunter, Gentilhomme  
Anglois, à Paris.*

*London, Jan. 12, 1708-9.*

S I R,

**I** Know no People so ill used by your Men  
of Business, as their intimate Friends.  
About a Fortnight after Mr. *Addison* had  
received the Letter you were pleased to send  
me, he first told me of it with an Air of Re-  
collection,

collection, and after ten further of Grace, thought fit to give it me ; so you know where to fix the whole Blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate Expedient you Prisoners have, of diverting yourselves in an Enemy's Country, for which other Men would be hanged. I am considering whether there be no Way of disturbing your Quiet, by writing some dark Matter, that may give the *French Court* a Jealousy of you. I suppose, *Monsieur Chamillard*, or some of his Commis-saries, must have this Letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your Hands ; and therefore, I here think good to warn them, that if they exchange you under six of their Lieutenant-Generals, they will be Losers by the Bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia*, mais comme le Colonel Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your Honour, and not fall in Love ; because I have a Scruple, whether you can keep your Parole, if you become a Prisoner to the Ladies ; at least, it will be a Scandal for a *Free Briton* to drag two Chains at once. I presume, you have the Liberty of *Paris*, and fifty Miles round, and have a very light Pair of Fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see *Versailles*, and every Place else, except *St. Germain*s.—I hear the Ladies call you already *Nôtre Prisonnier Hunter*, le plus bonnête Garçon du Monde.—Will you French yet own us *Britons* to be a brave People ? Will they

they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great General? Or, are they all as partial as their Gazetteers? Have you yet met any French Colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his Horse, or shivered, at least, a Launce against his Breast-Plate? Do you know the Wounds you have given when you see the Scars? Do you salute your old Enemies with *Stetimus tela aspera contra, contulimusque manus*. Vous savez que—Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon Ami, est fait Secrétaire d'Etat d'Irlande; and unless you make haste over, and get me my Virginian Bishoprick, he will persuade me to go with him, for the Vienna Project is off, which is a great Disappointment to the Design I had of displaying my Politicks at the Emperor's Court. I do not like the Subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. *Crauder* is sick, to the Comfort of all quiet People, and *Fraud* is *Reveur à peindre*. Mr. Addison and I often drink your Health, and this Day I did it with *Will Pate*, a certain Adorer of yours, who is both a *Bel Esprit* and a Woollen-Draper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their Victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories Noses; their Number is not to be learnt by telling of Noses, for every Tory has not a Nose.—'Tis a Loss you are not here to partake of three Weeks Frost, and eat Gingerbread in a Booth by a Fire upon the *Thames*.  
Mrs.

Mrs. *Floyd* looked out with both her Eyes, and we had one Day's Thaw ; but she drew in her Head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the Convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the Expence of Dr. *Atterbury's* Displeasure, who was designed their Prolocutor, and is now raging at the Disappointment. I amuse myself sometimes with writing Verses to Mr. *Finch*, and sometimes with Projects for uniting of Parties, which I perfect over Night, and burn in the Morning. Sometimes Mr. *Addison* and I steal to a Pint of bad Wine, and wish for no third Person but you, who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more. — You know, I believe, that poor Dr. *Gregory* is dead, and *Keil* solicits to be his Successor ; but Party reaches even to Lines and Circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. — We are here nine times madder after Operas than ever ; and have got a new *Castrato* from *Italy*, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds *Valentini*, I know not how many Barrs Length. Lord *Sommers* and *Halifax* are as busy as Statesmen can be in Parliament Time. Lord *Dorset* is Nobody's Favourite but your's and Mr. *Prior's*, who has lately dedicated his Book of Poems to him, which is all the Press has furnished us, of any Value, since you went. Mr. *Bringle*, a Gentleman of *Scotland*, succeeds Mr. *Addison* in the Secretary's Office ; and Mr. *Shute*, a notable young

young Presbyterian Gentleman, under Thirty Years old, is made a Commissioner of the Customs. This is all I can think of, either publick or private, worth telling you ; perhaps you have heard Part or All of both from other Hands, but you must be content : Pray let us know what Hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon ; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

*Your most faithful,*

*humble Servant,*

J O N. S W I F T.

P. S. Mr. Steele presents his most humble Service to you ; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *Mechaneté* to impute the Letter of Enthusiasm to me ; when I have some good Reasons to think the Author is now at *Paris*.

*A Mon-*

*A Monsieur Monsieur Hunter, Gentilhomme  
Anglois, à Paris.*

*London, March 22, 1708-9.*

S I R,

I Am very much obliged to you for the Favour of a kind Reproach you sent me, in a Letter to Mr. *Addison*, which he never told me of till this Day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same time, that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long Letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a Pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *Diei fabulas*, and such Particularities as do not usually find Place in News-Papers. Mr. *Addison* has been so taken up for some Months, in the amphibious Circumstances of premier C—— to my Lord *Sunderland*, and Secretary of State for *Ireland*, that he is the worst Man I know, either to convey an idle Letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a Memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the Blame. I find you a little lament your Bondage, and indeed in your Case it requires a good Share of Philosophy: But if you will

will not be angry, I believe I may have been the Cause you are still a Prisoner, for I imagine my former Letter was intercepted by the *French* Court, when the most Christian King reading one Passage in it, (and duly considering the Weight of the Person who wrote it) where I said, if the *French* understood your Value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count *Tallard*, and all the *Debris* of *Blenheim* together; for I must confess I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good Sister, the Queen of *Pomunk*, waits with Impatience till you are restored to your Dominions; and that your Rogue of a Viceroy returns Money fast for *England*, against the Time he must retire from his Government. Mean time *Philips* writes Verses in a Sledge upon the frozen Sea, and transmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer Clime, under the Shelter of my Lord *Dorset*. I could send you a great deal of News from the *Republica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater Altitude, though I have been of late but a small Contributor. A Cargo of Splinters from the *Arabian* Rocks have been lately ship-wreck'd in the *Thames*, to the irreparable Damage of the Vertuosi. Mrs. *Long* and I are fallen out, I shall not trouble you with the Cause, but don't you think her altogether in the Wrong? But Mrs. *Barter* is still in my good Graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed,  
and



and will send you Word.—There's it now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best Intelligence I get of publick Affairs is from Ladies, for the Ministers never tell me any thing; and Mr. *Addison* is nine times more secret to me than any body else, because I have the Happiness to be thought his Friend. The Company at St. *James's* Coffee-house is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The Beauties you left are all gone off this Frost, and we have got a new Set for Spring, of which Mrs. *Cbetwind* and Mrs. *Worsley* are the principal. The Vogue of Operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a Year; but I design to set up a Party among the Wits, to run them down by next Winter, if true *Englisb* Caprice does not interpose to save us the Labour. Mademoiselle *Spanheim* is going to marry my Lord *Fitzbarding*, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your Return, the Consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it the *Paris* Gazetteer, and let me have the Pleasure to read a Lye of my own sending. I suppose you have heard that the Town has lost an old Duke and recovered a mad Duchess. —The Duke of *Marlborough* has at length found an Enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before, with the first Opportunity, and we are all of Opinion it will be his wisest Course to do so. Now the Way to be prodigiously witty would be by



by keeping you in Suspence, and not letting you know that this Enemy is nothing but this North-east Wind, which stops his Voyage to *Holland*.—This Letter going in Mr. *Addison's* Pacquet, will, I hope, have better Luck than the former. I shall go for *Ireland* some time in Summer, being not able to make my Friends in the Ministry consider my Merits, or their Promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my Hopes now terminate in my Bishoprick of *Virginia*; in the mean time I hold fast my Claim to your Promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your Letter for me at Mr. *Steele's* Office at the Cockpit, who has promised his Care in conveying them. Mr. *Domvil* is now at *Geneva*, and sends me word he is become a Convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill Effects of Freedom and Slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. *Addison*, with whom I have fifty Times drank your Health since you left us. He is hurrying away for *Ireland*, and I can at present lengthen my Letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for *Ireland*. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble Service, and I pray God too much Business may not spoil *Le plus bonnête Homme du Monde*; for it is certain, which of a Man's good Talents he employs on Business, must be detracted from

his Conversation. I cannot write longer in so good Company, and therefore conclude

*Your most faithful,*

*and most humble Servant,*

J. SWIFT.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Archbishop of Dublin.*

*London, October 10, 1710.*

MY LORD,

I Had the Honour of your Grace's Letter of September 16, but I was in no Pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other Time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant Letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your \* Memorial,

\* *A Memorial of the Bishops and Clergy of Ireland, concerning the First Fruits and Tithes.*

rial, *etc.* in another Pacquet. I should have been glad the Bishops had been here ; altho' I take Bishops to be the worst Solicitors in the World, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little Trouble of Attendance that other Men are content to swallow : Else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier than Men of my Level are likely to do.

As soon as I receiv'd the Pacquets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* \*. I had prepared him before by another Hand where he was very intimate ; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last Ministry, after some Obligations, because I refused to go certain Lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. *Harley*'s own Case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest Marks of Kindness and Esteem ; as I was whispered he would ; and the more upon the ill Usage I had met with. I sat with him two Hours among Company, and two Hours we were alone ; where I told him my Business, and gave him the History of it : Which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the Difficulties we met with by Lords Lieutenants and

M 2 their

\* Lord High Treasurer of *England*, created afterwards Earl of *Oxford*.

their Secretaries ; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me intirely ; and said, neither they nor himself should have the Merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my Memorial with the first Opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this Interregnum. I said, the Honour and Merit, next to the Queen, would be his ; that it was a great Encouragement to the Bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to be the chief Adviser of the Queen, to grant the same Favour in *England*: That consequently the Honour and Merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater Things : And that for my Part, I thought he was obliged to the Clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an Opportunity of gratifying the Pleasure he took in doing good to the Church. He took my Compliment extremely well, and renewed his Promises. Your Grace will please to know, that besides the First-Fruits, I told him of the Crown-Rents ; and shewed the Nature and Value of them ; but said, My Opinion was, that the Convocation had not mentioned them in their Petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord \* *Wharton* with the Address, because they thought the Times would not then bear it ; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary Power to solicit it in so favourable a Juncture.

I had  
\* Then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

I had two Memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the Nature of the Thing, and how long it had been depending, *etc.* One of these Memorials had a Paragraph at the End, relating to the Crown-Rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *Both* with his best Offices to the Queen. As I have placed that Paragraph in my Memorial, it can do no Harm, and may possibly do Good. However, I beg your Grace to say nothing of it, but if it dieth, let it die in Silence: We must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was empowered, *etc.* he desired to see my Powers: And then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: And I have since wondered what Scruple a Number of Bishops could have to empower a Clergyman to do the Church and them a Service, without any Imagination of Interest for himself.

Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him to-day: But I shall not put him upon this Discourse so soon. If he begins it himself I shall add it at the Bottom of this. He says, Mr. Secretary \* *St. John* desireth to

\* Afterwards created Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further Help; although I told him I had not Thoughts of applying to any but himself, wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for Form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the Envy of being thought to do such a Thing alone. But an old Courtier (an intimate Friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good Inclinations and Credit with the Queen, *etc.*

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my Memory; but, perhaps it may give your Grace a truer Idea how Matters are, than if I had writ in more Order,

*I am, etc.*

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*The*

*The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.*

*Dublin, October 24, 1710.*

*Reverend Sir,*

**I** Thank you for yours of the tenth Instant, and send you inclosed a farther Power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is is not able to come to Town, which obliged me to wait on him at *Johnston*, and hindred the joining of two or three Bishops in it who are yet in Town: But I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the Morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other Bishops; but he was abroad taking the Air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it, as it is, than wait for another Post. You may expect by the next, a Letter to his Grace of *Canterbury*, and another to the Archbishop of *York*. I apprized them both of the Business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it; I am not sure that her Majesty remembers what I said on the Subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the Time. I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the Favour she designed the  
Clergy

Clergy of *Ireland*, by the Hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the Interval of a Change, or Absence of a Chief Governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper Time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the Dictates of her own bountiful Inclinations, than the Intrigues of cunning covetous Counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many Things; but such a Crowd of Visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my Gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's Care.

*I am, etc.*

WILLIAM Dublin.

*The § Lord Primate and Archbishop of DUBLIN,  
to Dr. SWIFT.*

*Dublin, October 24, 1710.*

S I R,

WE directed a Letter to the Bishops of *Offory* and *Killaloo* last *August*, desiring and empowering them to solicit the Affair of

§ *Dr. Narcissus Marsh.*

ONT



our First Fruits and Twentieth Parts with her Majesty ; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good Intentions ; and several Promises of the Chief Governors here to lay our Addresses before her Majesty in the best Manner. We were then apprehensive that those Bishops might return from *England* before the Business could be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it ; having so good Assurance of your Ability, Prudence, and Fitness to prosecute such a Matter. We find the Bishops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned ; and judging this the most proper Time to prosecute it with Success, we entreat you to take the *full Management* of it into your Hands ; and do commit the Care of soliciting it to your Diligence and Prudence , desiring you to let us know, from Time to Time, what Progress is made in it. And, if any Thing farther be necessary on our Part, on your Intimation, we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our Prayers on the good Success of your Endeavours, is all from

S I R,

*Your etc.*

NARCISSUS *Armagh.*  
WILLIAM *Dublin.*

*The*

*The Archbishop of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.*

*Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.*

S I R,

**T**HIS is to acknowledge the Receipt of your's of the 20th past, which came not to my Hands till *Thursday* last, by Reason of Winds that kept the Pacquets on the other Side.

I find the Matter of our First Fruits, *etc.* is talked of now. I reckon on Nothing certain, till her Majesty's Letter comes in Form; And Quære, Why should not you come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome Clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best Means to satisfy Mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of Dispute. I am very well apprized of the Dispatch you gave this Affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the Person fit to be employed than some of my Brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their Neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new Turn here, as well as with you, and I am of Opinion, by the Time you come here few will profess themselves

*Whigs.*

*Whigs.* The greatest Danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the Fury and Indiscretion of some of our own People, who never had any Merit, but by imbroiling Things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do Mischief.

I heartily recommend you to GOD's Favour,

*And am, etc.*

WILLIAM Dublin.

N. B. Doctor SWIFT used his Credit with the Ministry, for the Benefit of the Church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical Time, that he procured a Grant from the Queen for exonerating the Clergy of Ireland, from paying the Twentieth Parts, dated the seventh of February, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ten; and another Grant bearing the same Date, to Narcissus, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John, Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and others, of the First Fruits, payable out of all Ecclesiastical Benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing Glebes, and building Residentiary Houses for poor endowed Vicars.

*The*

*The Success of which charitable Fund hitherto, may be seen in the printed Pamphlet containing an Account of the First Fruits of Ireland.*

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*The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.*

*London, Suffolk-street,  
Nov. 22. 1716.*

S I R,

I Read yours of the thirteenth Instant with great Satisfaction. It is not only an Advantage to you and me, that there should be a good Correspondence between us, but also to the Publick; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade People here, that we kept any tolerable Measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good Intelligence: And therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in some, many Months, I had not received any Letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest Friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the Service you did in *procuring*  
the

*the Twentieth Parts and First Fruits* : I know no Reason for it, except the Zeal I shewed to do you *Justice* in *that Particular*, from the Beginning. But since I only did it, as oblig'd to bear Testimony to the Truth in a Matter, which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst *Enemy* I had in the World, I see no Reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your Witness. But, be not concerned, Ingratitude is warrant'd by modern and ancient Custom : And it is more Honour for a Man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable Return* to his *Merits*, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere & male audire* is the Lot of the best Men. If Calumny or Ingratitude could have put me out of my Way, GOD knows where I should have wander'd by this Time.

I am glad the Business of St. \* *Nicholas* is over any Way : My Inclination was Mr. *Wall* ; that I might have join'd the Vicarage of *Castle-Knock* to the Prebend of *Malabidart*, which would have made a good Provision for one Man, served the Cures better, and yielded more then to the Incumbent, that it can do now, when in different Hands. But I could not compass it without using more Power

\* *The Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's are the Appropriators of that Church, and have the Right of bestowing the Cure on whom they please.*

over my Clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your Condescension in that Affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should shew their Sense of it, by a mutual Return of the like Compliance ; when there shall be Occasion. Such reciprocal kind Offices are the Ground of mutual Confidence and Friendship, and the Fewel that keeps them alive : And, I think, Nothing can contribute more to our common Ease, and the public Good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the Clergy.

We have a strong Report, that my Lord *Bolingbroke* will return here, and be pardoned ; certainly it must not be for Nothing. I hope he can tell no ill Story of you.

I add only my Prayers for you, and am,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant,*

*and Brother,*

WILLIAM Dublin.

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT to the Archbishop of Dublin.

Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.

MY LORD,

I Should be sorry to see my Lord *Bolingbroke* following the Trade of an Informer: Because he is a Person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great Love and Esteem. For, I think, as the rest of Mankind do, that Informers are a detestable Race of People, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his Lordship can inform against, except himself: He was three or four Days at the Court of *France*, while he was Secretary; and it is barely possible he might then have entered into some deep Negotiation with the *Pretender*: Although I would not believe him, if he should swear it. Because *he protested to me*, that he never saw him but once; and that was at a great Distance, in publick at an Opera, As to any others of the Ministry at that Time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: And that they will appear as innocent with Relation to the *Pretender*, as any who are now at the Helm. And, as to myself, if I were of any Importance, I should be very easy, under such an Accusation; much

N 2

easier,

easier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any Danger; or that Lord *Bolingbroke* should have any ill Story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an Action. But I am surpris'd to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some Years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile Man; declaring to you on all Occasions *my Abhorrence of the Pretender*; and yet privately engaged with a Ministry to bring him in; and therefore, warning me to look to myself, and prepare my Defence against a false BROTHER, coming over to discover such Secrets as would hang me. Had there been the least *Overture* or *Intent* of bringing in the Pretender, during my Acquaintance with the Ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some Discoveries or Suspicions. And, although I am not sure I should have turned Informer, yet I am certain I should have dropt some general Cautions; and immediately have retired. When People say, Things were not ripe at the Queen's Death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: And had the Ministers any such Thoughts, they should have begun three Years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand Nothing of the State of the Kingdom at that Time.

But,



But, whether I am mistaken or no in other Men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be *against the Pretender*; and *am so still*. And this is not to make my Court (which I know is vain) for I own myself full of Doubts, Fears, and Dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: Yet, if I were of any Value, the Publick may safely *rely on my Loyalty*; because I look upon the *coming of the Pretender* as a greater Evil than we are like to suffer under the worst Whig-Ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of Party these two Years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the Grief I have in standing so ill in your Grace's Opinion. I beg your Grace's Blessing,

*And am, &c.*

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*An Answer to L——d PALM—TON's civil  
polite Letter. [So indorsed.]*

*Jan. 31, 1725-6.*

MY LORD,

I Desire you will give yourself the last Trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any Injury or Injustice done to Mr. *Curtis* \*; and if you had read that Passage in my Letter a second Time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The Injury and Injustice the young Man received were from those, who, claiming a Title to his Chambers, took away his Key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous Conduct: Whereupon, at his Request, I laid the Case before † you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if, on Account of a Trifle,

\* *A Resident Master in Trinity College, whom the Dean made one of the four Minor-Canons of St. Patrick's Cathedral.*

† *L——d Vis——t Palm——ton (Nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a Right to bestow two handsome Chambers in the University of Dublin, upon such Students as he and his Heirs shall think proper, on Account of the Benefactions of this Family towards the College Buildings.*

and

and of a Person, for whom I have no Concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the Character he bears of Piety and Learning, I should charge you with Injury and Injustice to him, when I know from himself and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the Case of Tenant at Will, I fully agree, that no Law can compel you; but Law was not at all in my Thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I writ of Injury and Injustice were wholly applied in plain Terms to one or two of the College here, whose Names were below my Remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an Answer in every Line, full of foul Insinuations, open Reproaches, jesting Flirts, and contumelious Terms; and what Title you claim to give me such Treatment. I own my Obligation to Sir \* William Temple, for recommend-

\* After Mr. Swift left the University of Dublin, Sir William (whose Father, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had been a Friend to the Family) invited our young Author to spend some Time with him at Moor-Park in England, for the Sake of his Conversation; where he pursued his Studies through all the Greek and Roman Historians. Here it was he was introduced by his Friend to King William; when his Majesty used to pay frequent Visits to that great Minister, after he had retired from publick Business to his Seat at Moor-Park.

ing

ing me to the late King, although without Success ; and for his Choice of me to take Care of his posthumous Writings. But, I hope, you will not charge my being in his Family, as an Obligation ; for I was educated to little Purpose, if I had chosen his House on any other Motives, than the Benefit of his Conversation and Advice, and the Opportunity of pursuing my Studies. For, being born to no Fortune, I was, at his Death, as much to seek it as ever : And, perhaps, you will allow that I was of some Use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the Time, when I had some little Credit, I did fifty times more for fifty People, from whom I never received the least Service or Assistance ; yet I should not be pleased to hear a Relation of mine reproaching them with Ingratitude ; although many of them well deserve it. For, Thanks to Party, I have met in both Kingdoms with Ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I *declared no Regard to your Family* ; or so you express yourself : I never had Occasion or Opportunity to make use of any such Words. The last Time I saw you in *London*, was the last Intercourse that I remember to have had with your Family. But having always trusted to my own Innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my Accusers. When I mention my Loss of Interest with you, I did it with Concern : And I had no Resentment ;

ment ; because I supposed it to arise only from different Sentiments in publick Matters.

My L——d, if my Letter were *polite*, it was against my Intention, and I intreat your Pardon for it. If I have *Wit*, I will keep it to shew when I am angry ; which at present I am not : Because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate Words your Pen hath let fall, yet I shall give Allowance to a hasty Person hurried on by a Mistake beyond all Rules of Decency. If a first Minister of State had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another Style ; because in that Case retaliating would be thought a Mark of Courage. But as your Lordship is not in a Situation to do me Good, nor, I am sure, of a Disposition to do me Mischief ; so I should lose the Merit of being bold, because I incurred no Danger.

In this Point alone we are exactly equal ; but in Wit and Politeness I am as ready to yield to you, as in Titles and Estate.

I have found out one Secret ; that although you call me a *great Wit*, you do not think me so ; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a Letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask Pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the Offence ; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your Conscience and Honour.

I have

I have formerly upon Occasions been your humble Servant in *Ireland*; and should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a Friend in *Mr. Reading*, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good Opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

MY LORD,

*Your most humble Servant,*

JON. SWIFT.

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*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.*

*Dublin, Jan. 5, 1736.*

S I R,

I AM glad you have got the Piles, because it is a Mark of Health, and a strong Constitution. I believe what you say of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according

according to their Merit. You never writ so regularly in your Life, and therefore when you write to me, always take Care to have the *Piles*; I mean any \* *Piles*, except those of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not so bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a Dozen Days hence. The Room shall be ready for you; although I shall never have you in a Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times shall be pestered with you.—As to your Venison, *vain is one* who expects it. I am checking you for your *Chicken*, and could lamb you for your *Lambs*. *Addenda quædam.*

*My Wife a rattling,  
My Children tattling.  
My Money spent is,  
And due my Rent is.  
My School decreasing,  
My Income ceasing.  
All People tease me,  
But no Man pays me.  
My Worship is bit,  
By that Rogue Nisbit.  
To take the right Way,  
Consult Friend Whiteway.*

\* The Author held Puns in Contempt; but would sometimes go into them for Merri-ment.

*Would*

*Would you get still more ?*

*Go flatter \* Kilmore.*

*Your Geese are old,*

*Your W—— a Scold.*

*You live among ill Folks in a Dungle,*

*You never have an old Friend at Cavan.*

Mrs. *Whiteway* is ever your Friend : but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My Head is ever bad, and I have just as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouse. Pray do not give yourself Airs of pretending to have Flies in Summer, at *Cavan* ; and such a *no* Summer as this : I, who am the best Fly-catcher in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my while to shew my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your Garden Improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your Leanness is incredible ; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but Exercise can give) you may be safe with as little Flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your Letter just before this was sealed, but I cannot answer it now.

\* *Dr. Josiah Hart, then Bishop of Kilmore.*

*A humorous*



*A humours Letter to Dr. Sheridan, on a  
Literalia Scheme of Writing.*

S I R,

**A**S you are a famous Instructor of Youth in the learned Languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *useful Inventions*, that may further improve Knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary Loss of Time we suffer in transcribing our Thoughts by dividing our Words into Syllables, and writing the Vowels at length, which so frequently occur; that although they be but Five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our Labour. Besides the great Loss of Paper, Pens, and Ink, which many among the Learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess that in this polite and learned Age of ours, many laudable Attempts have been made for some Remedy against this Evil; partly by abbreviating Words with Apostrophes; and partly by lopping the Polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most; as thus. 'Tis 'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, Poz, 'pon Rep', Phis, and many more. But alas, these are poor Expedients, and do not go to the Root of the Disease.

VOL. XIV.

O

My

My Scheme is much more useful and extensive. Although I confess myself not to be altogether the original Inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious Gentlemen who play at *White's* Chocolate-house, have some imperfect Idea of it; and I have seen some Instances of it, many Years older, but very imperfect. By these Examples, I have these nine Years past been considering the Force of Letters in our Alphabet, with Relation to each other; as School-mistresses teach young Children to pronounce them in their Horn-books, which is in this manner, A, Be or Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are, or Err, Es, Tee or Tea, U or You, Double U or Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I say, the very gaming Lords at the Chocolate Houses have already some imperfect Notion of as far as concerns the Vowels. The same Thing also Men of Business are not ignorant of, for thus three Vowels shall stand, with the Sum affixed, for a good Promissory Note, I O U 20 £.

In short, you need only read the Letters as they are pronounced by Boys and Girls when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and six Letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for Dispatch in Writing; of which take the following Specimens. But I have Materials for a Treatise to contract Words in  
Speak-

Speaking, which as it finds Encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

*A Letter to your Mistress.*

**D**R Ld Ur a But ; I stm u a Dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur But ndls. A tr faces ur But. U r a Gm ; a gul ; a Rub. I c a b p q u r i : I b c h u t k a r b u r i , I c q u a R med. U r etn : U r yy. U r a Prs. I c a Pr b for u. I d fir ur, pt, Ur gnroset ; ur prspquit ; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlnes, apr. Ur a qriolet. Rit r nobls ur log. Ur a Qn Ma. Ur but d fis Apls a Pntr. I c ur But pres ur nmi.

*Another Letter in the Literalia Style.*

**B**T ; ur nt ; U d fil ur Krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqq s u. Qpd d fii u. U r r r mprs. U th Kt. O g m ni ! u a thr. u th a Br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I sk p u. I sq u. I k tquis u. U a But. Ur rc a But. U r smbl ur ldr estr Kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Sqr. B guptr I c ur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.

*While Dr. SWIFT was at Sir William Temple's, after he left the University of Dublin, he contracted a Friendship with two of Sir William's Relations, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, which continued to their Deaths. The latter of these was the amiable STELLA, so much celebrated in his Works. In the Year 1727, being in England, he received the melancholy News of her last Sickness, Mrs. Johnson having been dead before. He hastened into Ireland, where he visited her, not only as a Friend, but a Clergyman. No set Form of Prayer could express the Sense of his Heart on that Occasion. He drew up the following, here printed from his own Hand-writing. She died Jan. 28, 1727.*

*The first he wrote Oct. 17, 1727.*

**M**OST merciful Father, accept our humblest Prayers in Behalf of this thy languishing Servant: Forgive the Sins, the Frailties and Infirmities of her Life past. Accept the good Deeds she hath done in such a manner, that, at whatever Time Thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting Habitations. Give her Grace to continue sincerely thankful to Thee for the many Favours Thou hast bestowed upon her, the Ability,

Ability, and Inclination and Practice to do Good, and those Virtues which have procured the Esteem and Love of her Friends, and a most unspotted Name in the World. O GOD, thou dispenshest thy Blessings and thy Punishments as it becometh infinite Justice and Mercy; and since it was thy Pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly State of Health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise Ends, and was largely made up to her in other Blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that Firmness and Constancy of Mind, wherewith thou hast most graciously endowed her, together with that Contempt of worldly Things and Vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole Conduct of her Life. O All-powerful Being, the least Motion of whose Will can create or destroy a World; pity us, the mournful Friends of thy distressed Servant, who sink under the Weight of her present Condition, and the Fear of losing the most valuable of our Friends: Restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious Will, or inspire us with Constancy and Resignation, to support ourselves under so heavy an Affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the Sake of those Poor, who by losing her will be desolate; and those Sick, who will not only want her Bounty, but her Care and Tending; or else, in thy Mercy, raise up some other in her Place with equal Disposition and better Abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee,

her bodily Pains, or give her a double Strength of Mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our Thoughts rather upon that Felicity; which we hope she shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable Loss we shall endure. Let her Memory be ever dear unto us; and the Example of her many Virtues, as far as human Infirmary will admit, our constant Imitation. Accept, O Lord, these Prayers poured from the very Bottom of our Hearts, in thy Mercy, and for the Merits of our Blessed Saviour. *Amen.*

*The second Prayer was written Nov. 6, 1727.*

**O** Merciful Father, who never afflictest thy Children, but for their own Good, and with Justice, over which thy Mercy always prevaiileth, either to turn them to Repentance, or to punish them in the present Life, in order to reward them in a better; take Pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted Servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the Weight of thy Hand. Give her Strength. O Lord, to support her Weakness, and Patience to endure her Pains, without repining at thy Correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate Expression, which her Anguish may at any Time force from her Tongue, while her Heart continueth in an entire Submission to thy Will. Suppress in her,  
O Lord,

O Lord, all eager Desires of Life, and lessen her Fears of Death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured, Hope of thy Mercy. Give her a sincere Repentance for all her Transgressions and Omissions, and a firm Resolution to pass the Remainder of her Life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all thy Precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her Thoughts ; and preserve to her the Use of her Memory and Reason, during the Course of her Sickness. Give her a true Conception of the Vanity, Folly, and Insignificance of all human Things ; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere Love of thee in the Midst of her Sufferings. Accept, and impute all her good Deeds, and forgive her all those Offences against thee, which she hath sincerely repented of, or through the Frailty of Memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee in Behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful Friends. Let not our Grief afflict her Mind, and thereby have an ill Effect on her present Distemper. Forgive the Sorrow and Weakness of those among us, who sink under the Grief and Terror of losing so dear and useful a Friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest Prayers and Wishes for her longer Continuance in this evil World, to do what thou art pleased to call thy Service, and is only her bounden Duty ; that she may still be a Comfort to us, and to all others, who  
will

will want the Benefit of her Conversation, her Advice, her good Offices, or her Charity. And since thou hast promised, that where two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt be in the Midst of them, to grant their Request; O Gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy Name, that those Requests, which in the utmost Sincerity and Earnestness of our Hearts we have now made in Behalf of this thy distressed Servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered; through the Merits of *Jesus Christ* our Lord. *Amen.*

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*A LETTER from a Gentleman in the Country  
to his Friend in Town.*

*De te  
Fabula narratur.*

SIR,

**A**S you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your Friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all Disguise, and discover to you my real Circumstances, which I shall do with all the Openness and Freedom imaginable. You'll be surpriz'd at the Beginning of my Story, and think the whole a Joke; but you may depend on its being actually true, and, if Need were, I can bring the Parson of the Parish to testify the same.

You



You must know then, that, at this present Time, I live in a poor, little, sorry House of Clay, that stands upon the Waste, as other Cottages do, and, what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a Minute's Warning. It is a Sort of a Copyhold Tenure, and the Custom of the Manor is this: For the first thirty Years I am to pay no Rent, but only to do Suit and Service, and attend upon the Courts, which are kept once a Week, and sometimes oftner: For twenty Years after this I am to pay a Rose every Year; and farther than this, during the Remainder of my Life, I am to pay a Tooth, (which you'll say is a whimsical Kind of Acknowledgment) every two or three Years, or oftner, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing more to pay, *Out* must be the Word, and it will not be long ere my Person will be seiz'd. I might have had my Tenement (such as it is) upon better Terms, if it had not been for a Fault of my Great-grand-father: He and his Wife together, with the Advice of an ill Neighbour, were concerned in robbing of an Orchard belonging to the Lord of the Manor, and so forfeited this great Privilege, to my Sorrow I am sure: But however I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my House in tolerable Repair.

My Kitchen, where I dress my Victuals, is a comical little roundish Sort of a Room, somewhat like an Oven; it answers very well to the Purpose it was design'd for, and that's enough.

enough. My Garrets (or rather my Cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furnished; but they are Rooms which few People regard now, unless to lay Lumber in; however, I make shift to rub on in my little Way, and, when Rent-day comes, I must see and discharge as well as I can.

Whenever I am turn'd out, I understand my Lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping Family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the Reputation of the great \* *Moor in Abchurch Lane*: But be that as it will; I have one snug Apartment, that lies on the left Side of my House, which I reserve for my chiefest Friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome Guest, and you may depend upon a Lodging, as long as the Edifice shall be in the Tenure and Occupation of,

S I R,

*Your humble Servant.*

\* *An Apothecary in London, remarkable for selling Worm-Powder.*

A L E T-

A  
L E T T E R  
FROM THE  
Grand M I S T R E S S  
OF THE  
Female Free Mafons  
T O

GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer.

---

*Ixion Impious, Lewd, Profane,  
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain.  
Long had he languish'd for the Dame,  
Till Jove, at length, to quench his Flame,  
Some say for Fear, some say for Pity,  
Sent him a Cloud, like Juno pretty,  
As like as if 'twere drawn by Painters,  
On which he got a Race of Centaurs,  
A Bite, quoth VENUS.—*

A. B. C. lib. 6. p. 107.



A

## LETTER, &amp;c.

SEEING it is of late become a Fashion in Town in writing to all the World, to address to you, our Society of *Female Free Masons* has also chosen you for our *Printer*; and so, without Preface, Art, or Embellishment, (for Truth, and a short Paper needs none of 'em) our *Female Lodge* has the whole Mystery as well as any *Lodge* in *Europe*, with proper Instructions in writing; and, what will seem more strange to you, without the least Taint of *Perjury*. By this time any *Reader* who is a *Mason*, will, I know, laugh, and not without Indignation. But that matters not much, our Sex has long owed yours this good Turn: You refused to admit *Queen Elizabeth*, and even *Semiramis* Queen of *Babylon*, tho' each of them (without *Punning*) had a great deal of *Male Flesh* upon their Bodies; but at last you will be forc'd to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A Gentleman, who is a great Friend to all our Members, who has since instructed and form'd us into a *Lodge*, and who we therefore

VOL. XIV.

P

call

call our *Guardian*, fell in lately with a *Lodge of Free Masons* at *Omagh* in *Ulster*. They press'd him hard to come into their Society, and at length prevail'd. They wanted an *Old Testament* to swear him by. The *Inn-keeper's Bible* having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: For the *Free Masons Oath* being of much older Date than the *New Testament*, that is, from the Building of *Solomon's Temple* (for till then it was but a Protestation well larded over with *Curses* and *Execrations*) they are always sworn on the *Old Testament* only. They offer to buy the *Fellow's Bible*, he consents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Testament* from the *Old*, concluded them, at once, a Pack of prophane Wretches, and very piously rescued his *Bible*. This Custom of swearing on the *Old Testament* only, is what has given Birth to the vulgar Error, That *Free Masons* renounce the *New Testament*. So they proceed on to the rest of the Ceremony, deferring the Oath till next Morning, one of them having an *Old Testament* for the Purpose at his House hard by. This, 'tis true, was a heinous Blunder against the Canons of *Free Masonry*. But the Gentlemen were far gone in *Punch* and *Whisky*. In short, our Friend and present *Guardian* is made a *Free* but *Unsworn Mason*, and was three Hours gone on his Journey next Morning, before the merry *Free Masons* awoke to send for their *Old Testament*; and, what was worse, they had taught him the

Form

Form of the Oath, against he was to swear in the Morning.

Now, as to the secret Words and Signals used among *Free Masons*, 'tis to be observed, that in the *Hebrew Alphabet* (as our Guardian has informed our *Lodge* in Writing) there are four Pair of Letters, of which each Pair is so like, that, at first View, they seem to be the same, *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Deleth* and *Resch*, and on these depend all their Signals and Grips.

*Cheth* and *Thau* are shap'd like two standing Gallowses, of two Legs each; when two *Masons* accost each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other answers *Thau*, signifying that they would sooner be hanged on the Gallows, than divulge the Secret.

Then again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a Gallows lying on one of the Side-posts, and, when used as above, imply this pious Prayer: *May all who reveal the Secret, hang upon the Gallows till it falls down.* This is their *Master Secret*, generally call'd the *Great Word*.

*Daleth* and *Resch* are like two half Gallowses, or a Gallows cut in two, at the cross Stick on Top, by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half hang'd, than name either *Word* or *Signal*, before any but a *Brother*, so as to be understood.

When one says *Gimel*, the other answers *Nun*; then the first again joining both Letters

together, repeats three Times, *Gimel-Nun, Gimel-Nun, Gimel-Nun*, by which they mean that they are united as one in Interests, Secrecy, and Affection. This last Word has in time been depraved in the Pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimelum*, and at last to *Giblung*, and sometimes *Giblin*; which Word being by some Accident discover'd, they, now-a-days, pretend it's but a *Mock Word*.

Another of their Words have been maim'd in the Pronunciation by the Illiterate, that is the Letter *Lamech*, which was the *Hush Word*, for, when spoke by any *Brother* in a *Lodge*, it was a Warning to the rest to have a Care of Listeners. 'Tis now corruptly pronounced *Lan*, but the *Masons* pretend this also is a *Mock Word*, for the same Reason as *Giblin*; This Play with the *Hebrew Alphabet*, is very anciently call'd the *MANABOLETH*.

When one *Brother* orders another to walk like a *Mason*, he must walk four Steps backwards; four, because of the four Pair of Letters already mentioned; and backwards, because the *Hebrew* is writ and read backwards.

As to their *Mysterious Grips*, they are as follows: If they be in Company, where they cannot with Safety speak the above Words, they take each other by the Hand, one draws one of the Letters of the *Manaboeth*, with his Finger on the other's Hand, which he returns as in speaking.



It is worth observing, that a certain *Lodge* in Town publish'd, some time ago, a Sheet full of *Mock Masonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the Town, with several false Signs and Words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, &c. but not one Word of the real ones, as you see by what has been said of the MANABOLETH.

After King *James* the VI<sup>th</sup> Accession to the Throne of *England*, he revived *Masonry*, of which he was *Grand Master*: Both in *Scotland* and *England*, it had been entirely suppress'd by Queen *Elizabeth*, because she could not get into the Secret. All Persons of Quality, after the Example of the King, got themselves admitted *Free Masons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in *English*, in Imitation of the true and ancient One; as I. O. U. H. a Gold Key, that is, *I owe you each a Gold Key*. H. C C C C his Ruin. *Each foresees his Ruin*. I. C. U. B. YY. for me, *I see you be too wise for me*. And a great deal more of the same foolish Stuff, which took its Rise from a silly *Pun* upon the Word *Bee*; for you must know, that——

—— A *Bee* has, in all Ages and Nations, been the Grand *Hieroglyphic* of *Masonry*, because it excells all other living Creatures in the Contrivance and Commodiousness of its *Habitation* or *Come*; as, among many other Authors, Doctor *Mc. Gregor*, now Professor of *Mathematicks* in *Cambridge* (as our *Guardian* informs us) hath learnedly demonstrated; nay,

*Masonry* or *Building*, seems to be of the very Essence or Nature of the *Bee*, for her building not the ordinary Way of all other living Creatures, is the generative Cause which produces the young ones, (you know, I suppose, that *Bees* are of *neither Sex*.)

For this Reason the Kings of *France*, both *Pagans* and *Christians*, always eminent *Free Masons*, carried three *Bees* for their *Arms*. But to avoid the Imputation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry of worshipping a *Bee*, *Clodovæus*, their first Christian King, call'd them *Lilies* or *Flower-de-Luces*, in which, notwithstanding the small Change made for Disguise Sake, there is still the exact Figure of a *Bee*. You have perhaps read of a great Number of Golden *Bees* found in the Coffin of a *Pagan* King of *France*, near *Brussels*, many Ages after *CHRIST*, which he had ordered should be buried with him, in Token of his having been a *Mason*.

The *Egyptians*, always excellent and ancient *Free Masons*, paid Divine Worship to a *Bee* under the outward Shape of a *Bull*, the better to conceal the Mystery, which *Bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the *Latin* Word for a *Bee*; the *Ænigma* representing the *Bee* by a *Bull* consists in this; that, according to the Doctrine of the *Pythagorean Lodge* of *Free Masons*, the Souls of all the *Cow-kind* transmigrate into *Bees*, as one *Virgil* a Poet, much in Favour with the Emperor *Augustus*, because of his profound Skill in *Masonry*, has described; and Mr. *Dryden* has thus shew'd.

*Aristæus*

*Ariflaeus*

Four Altars raises, from his Herd he culls,  
 For Slaughter, Four the fairest of his *Bulls*,  
 Four Heifers from his Female Store he took,  
 All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke;  
 Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and *Pray'rs*  
 The Gods invok'd, he to the Grove repairs.  
 Behold a Prodigy! for from within  
 The broken Bowels, and the bloated Skin,  
 A buzzing Noise of *Bees* his Ears alarms;  
 Straight issues through the Sides assembling  
 Swarms, &c.

What *Modern Masons* call a *Lodge*, was, for the above Reasons, by Antiquity called a *HIVE of Free Masons*. And for the same Reasons when a Dissention happens in a *Lodge*, the going off and forming another *Lodge* is to this Day called *SWARMING*.

Our Guardian is of Opinion, that the present *Masonry* is so tarnished by the Ignorance of the working, and some other illiterate *Masons*, that very many, even whole *Lodges*, fall under the Censure of the venerable *Chinese Brachman*, whose History of the Rise, Progress, and Decay of *Free Masonry*, writ in the *Chinese Tongue*, is lately translated into a certain *European Language*. This *Chinese Sage* says, the greatest Part of current *Masons* judge of the Mysteries and Use of that sacred Art, just as a Man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent

cellent Book, in which, when opened to him, he finds no other Beauties than the regular Uniformity in every Page, the Exactness of the Lines in Length, and Equidistance, and Blackness of the *Ink*, and Whiteness of the Paper, or, as the famous *British Free Mason* MERLIN says of the Stars in the Firmament, when viewed by a *Child*, &c. But I shall not trouble you with the Length of the Quotation at present, because *Merlin* and *Fryar Bacon* on *Free Masonry* are soon to be dressed up in modern *English*, and sold by our Printer Mr. *Faulkner*, if duly encouraged by Subscribers; and also a Key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whose Help, our Guardian says, it's impossible to come at the Quintessence of *Free Masonry*.

But some will perhaps object, how come your unsworn Guardian by this refined and uncommon Knowledge in the great Art? To which I answer, that,

The Branch of the *Lodge* of *Solomon's Temple*, afterwards called the *Lodge* of *St. John of Jerusalem*, on which our Guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can easily prove, the ancientest and purest now on Earth; from whence came the famous old *Scottish Lodge* of *Killwinin*, of which all the Kings of *Scotland* have been, from Time to Time, Grand Masters without Interruption, down from the Days of *Fergus*, who reigned there more than 2000 Years ago, long before the Knights of *St. John of Jerusalem*, or the  
Knights

Knights of *Malta*, to which two *Lodges* I must nevertheless allow the Honour, of having adorned the ancient *Jewish* and *Pagan Masonry*, with many Religious and Christian Rules.

*Fergus* being eldest Son to the chief King of *Ireland*, was carefully instructed in all the Arts and Sciences, especially in the natural Magick, and the Cabalistical Philosophy (afterwards called the *Rosicrutians*) by the *Pagan* Druids of *Ireland* and *Mona*, the only true *Cabalists* then extant in the *Western* World. (For they had it immediately from the *Phœnicians*, *Chaldeans*, and *Egyptians*, which, though but a Woman, I can prove.) The *Egyptians* probably had it immediately from *Abraham*, as the Scripture plainly hints in the Life of that Patriarch, and 'tis allowed, I am told, by Men of Learning, that the *Occult* as well as *Moral* Philosophy of all the *Pagans* was well besprinkled and enriched from the Cabalistical School of the Patriarchs, and afterwards by the *Talmudists* and other inferior *Rabbins*, though the prevailing Idolatry of those Days much depraved and vitiated it.

*Fergus*, before his Descent upon the *Picts* in *Scotland*, raised that famous Structure, called to this Day *Carick Fergus* after his Name, the most mysterious piece of Architecture now on Earth (not excepting the Pyramids of the *Egyptian* Masons, and their *Hieroglyphics* or *Free Masons* Signs, as any skillful *Free Mason* may easily perceive, by examining it according to the

the Rules of the Art. He built it as a *Lodge* for his College of *Free Masons*, in those Days called *Druids*, which Words our Guardian assures us, signifies an *Oak* in the *Greek* Language, because *Oak* is one of the best Timber Trees for Building, of which (especially the Marine Architecture) the *Druids* were the only Masters, though your modern Term of *Mason* implies no more than a Worker in Stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient Term of *Druid*, since the Marine Architecture, the most useful Branch of the Sacred Art, corresponds naturally, and perfectly, with the Word *Druid*, or *Worker in Oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with Stones of any Kind, 'till *Jason*, a famous *Druid* or *Free Mason*, used the *Loadstone*, when he went in quest of the *Golden Fleece*, as it is called in the enigmatical Terms of *Free Masonry*, or, more properly speaking, of the *Cabala*, as *Masonry* was called in those Days. The Use of the *Loadstone* was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other Mysteries of the Art, till, by the unanimous Consent of all the great *Lodges*, the Use of it was made publick for the common Benefit of Mankind. *Jason's* artificial *Frog* had it fixed in his Mouth; and having a free Swing in an Oaken Bowl, half filled with Water, always faced the *North Pole*, which gave Rise to the poetical Fable, that *Jason's Frog* was a *Little Familiar* or *Sea Demon* presiding over the Navi-

Navigation like any other Angel Guardian ; for *Free Masons* in all Ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with *Sprites* or *Demons* ; and hence came that Imputation which they have in many Nations lain under, of being *Conjurers*, or *Magicians*, witness *Merlin* and *Fryar Bacon*.

'Tis perhaps further worth remarking, that *Jason* took one of the Two Sacred Vocal Oaks of the Grove of *Dodona*, to make the Keel of the *Argos*, for so his Ship was called, mysteriously joining together *Architecture* or *Masonry*, and the *Druidical* Priesthood or Power of explaining the Oracles. For our Guardian will have it so, that the *Pagan* Priesthood was always in the *Druids* or *Masons*, and that there was a perceivable Glimmering of the *Jewish* Rites in it, though much corrupted, as I said ; that the *Pagan* Worship was chiefly in Groves of *Oak* ; that they always looked upon the *Oak* as sacred to *Jupiter*, which Notion is countenanced (making Allowance for the *Paganism*) by the *Patriarchs* ; for you see in *Genesis* that *Abraham* sacrificed under the Oaks of *Mamre*. *Joshua* indeed took a great Stone, and put it up under the *Oak*, emblematically joining the two great Elements of *Masonry* to raise an Altar for the LORD.

Our Guardian also says, that *Cesar's* Description of the *Druids* of *Gaul*, is as exact a Picture of a *Lodge* of *Free Masons* as can possibly be drawn.

His

His Reasons for the *Manaboeth* are the better worth discovering, that I believe there are even some *Masons*, who know nothing of it, viz. that it has been an ancient Practice among the *Cabalistic Philosophers*, to make every *Hebrew Letter* a *Hieroglyphic*, mysterious in its Figure above all other Letters, as being thus shaped, and formed by the immediate Direction of the *Almighty*, whereas all other LETTERS are of *Human Invention*.

Secondly, that the *Manaboeth* has a very close and unconstrained Analogy with *Masonry* or *Architecture*; for that every Letter of the *Hebrew Alphabet*, as also of the *Syriac*, *Chaldaic*, and *Irish Alphabets*, derived from it, have their Names from *Timber-Trees*, except some few who have their Names from *Stones*; and I think it is pretty plain, that *Timber* and *Stone* are as much the Elements of *Masonry*, as the Alphabet is of *Books*, which is a near Relation enough between *Architecture* and *Learning* of all Kinds, and naturally shews why the *Druids*, who also took their Title from a Tree, kept *Learning* and *Architecture* jointly within themselves.

Next Week shall be published the *Free-Mason's Oath*, with the Remarks upon it of a young *Clergyman*, who has petitioned to be admitted *Chaplain* to our *Lodge*, which is to be kept at Mr. *Prater's* Female Coffee-House every *Tuesday* from Nine in the Morning to Twelve, and the Tenth Day of every Month in



in the Year ; where all Ladies of true Hearts and sound Morals shall be admitted without Swearing.

I think it proper to insert the *Free Masons* S O N G commonly sung at their Meetings, though, by the by, it is of as little Signification as the rest of their Secrets. It was writ by one *Anderson*, as our Guardian informs me, just to put a good Gloss on the Mystery, as you may see by the Words :

## S O N G.

## I.

**C**OME let us prepare  
 We Brothers that are  
 Assembled on merry Occasion ;  
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,  
 Our Wine has a Spring ;  
 Here's a Health to an accepted M A S O N.

## II.

The World is in Pain  
 Our Secrets to gain,  
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,  
 They ne'er can divine  
 The Word or the Sign  
 Of a free and an accepted M A S O N.  
 VOL. XIV. Q

III. 'Tis

## III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,  
They cannot tell what,  
Why so many great Men of the Nation;  
Shou'd Aprons put on,  
To make themselves one  
With a free and an accepted MASON.

## IV.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,  
Have laid by their Swords,  
Our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on,  
And ne'er been asham'd  
To hear themselves nam'd  
With a free and an accepted MASON.

## V.

Antiquity's Pride  
We have on our Side,  
And it maketh Men just in their Station;  
There's nought but what's good  
To be understood  
By a free and an accepted MASON.

## VI.

Then join Hand in Hand,  
To each other firm stand;  
Let's be merry and put a bright Face on,  
What Mortal can boast  
So noble a Toast,  
As a free and an accepted MASON?

POST-

## P O S T S C R I P T.

Mr. Faulkner,

**O**UR Lodge unanimously desire you'll give their sincere Respects to your *Ingenious* DRAPER, to whose *Pen* we, as well as the rest of the Nation, own ourselves obliged. If he be not already a *Free Mason*, he shall be welcome to be our *Deputy Guardian*.

*Your humble Servant,*

THALESTRIS.

*Tsrif eht Tsugua Nilbud.*



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*The following Piece was published in the Year 1733, and, as it may be useful upon a like Occasion, we think proper to insert it here.*

ADVICE to the Freemen of the City of Dublin, in the Choice of a Member to represent them in PARLIAMENT.

**T**HOSE few Writers, who, since the Death of Alderman *Burton*, have employed their Pens in giving Advice to our Citizens, how they should proceed in electing a new Representative for the next Sessions, having laid aside their Pens ; I have Reason to hope, that all true Lovers of their Country in general, and particularly those who have any Regard for the Privileges and Liberties of this great and ancient City, will think a second and a third Time, before they come to a final Determination upon what Person they resolve to fix their Choice.

I am told, there are only two Persons, who set up for Candidates : one is the present \*Lord Mayor,

\* HUMPHRY FRENCH.

Mayor, and the † other, a Gentleman of good Esteem, an Alderman of the City, a Merchant of Reputation, and possessed of a considerable || Office under the Crown. The Question is, which of these two Persons it will be most for the Advantage of the City to elect? I have but little Acquaintance with either, so that my Inquiries will be very impartial, and drawn only from the general Character and Situation of both.

In order to this, I must offer my Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens some Reasons, why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful at this Juncture, upon whom they bestow their Votes.

To perform this with more Clearness, it may be proper to give you a short State of our unfortunate Country.

We consist of two Parties, I not do mean Popish and Protestant, High and Low Church, Episcopal and Sectarians, Whig and Tory; but of those *English* who happen to be born in this Kingdom, (whose Ancestors reduced the whole Nation under the Obedience of the *English* Crown) and the Gentlemen sent from t'other Side to possess most of the chief Employments here: This latter Party is very much enlarged and strengthened by the whole Power in the Church, the Law, the Army, the Revenue,

Q<sub>3</sub>

and

† JOHN MACARELL.

|| *Register to the Barracks.*

and the Civil Administration, deposited in their Hands: Although out of political Ends, and to save Appearances, some Employments are still deposited (yet gradually in a smaller Number) to Persons born here: This Proceeding, fortified with good Words, and many Promises, is sufficient to flatter and feed the Hopes of Hundreds, who will never be one Farthing the better, as they might easily be convinced, if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil Employments of all Kinds have been, for several Years past, with great Prudence, made precarious, and during Pleasure; by which Means the Possessors are, and must inevitably be, for ever dependent: Yet those very few of any Consequence, which being dealt with so sparing a Hand to Persons born among us, are enough to keep Hope alive in great Numbers, who desire to mend their Condition by the Favour of those in Power.

Now, my dear Fellow-Citizens, how is it possible you can conceive, that any Person, who holds an Office of some Hundred Pounds a Year, which may be taken from him whenever Power shall think fit, will, if he should be chosen a Member for any City, do the least thing when he sits in the House, that he knows or fears may be displeasing to those who gave him, or continue him in, that Office? Believe me, these are no Times to expect such an exalted Degree of Virtue from mortal Men. *Blazing Stars* are much more frequently seen  
than

than such heroical Worthies. And I could sooner hope to find ten Thousand Pounds by digging in my Garden, than such a *Phoenix* by searching among the present Race of Mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous as well as modern Maxim of Politicks in the *English* Nation, to take every Opportunity of depressing *Ireland*, whereof an hundred Instances may be produced in Points of the highest Importance, and within the Memory of every middle-aged Man : Although many of the greatest Persons among that Party which now prevails, have formerly, upon that Article, much differed in their Opinion from their present Successors.

But so the Fact stands at present. It is plain, that the Court and Country Party here ( I mean in the House of Commons ) very seldom agree in any thing but their Loyalty to his present Majesty, their Resolutions to make him and his Viceroy easy in the Government, to the utmost of their Power, under the present Condition of the Kingdom. But the Persons sent from *England*, who (to a Trifle) are possessed of the sole executive Power in all its Branches, with their few Adherents in Possession who were born here, and Hundreds of Expectants, Hoppers and Promisees, put on quite contrary Notions with regard to *Ireland*. They count upon a universal Submission to whatever shall be demanded ; wherein they act safely, because  
none

none of themselves, except the Candidates, feel the least of our Pressures.

I remember a Person of Distinction some Days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixed Company, and of both Parties, That the Gentry from *England*, who now enjoy our highest Employments of all Kinds, can never be possibly Losers of one Farthing by the greatest Calamities that can befall this Kingdom, except a Plague that would sweep away a Million of our *Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water*: Or an Invasion that would fright our Grandees out of the Kingdom. For this Person argued, that while there was a Penny left in the Treasury, the Civil and Military List must be paid; and that the Episcopal Revenues, which are usually farmed out at six Times below the real Value, could hardly fail. He insisted farther, that as Money diminished, the Price of all Necessaries for Life must of Consequence do so too, which would be for the Advantage of all Persons in Employment, as well as my Lords the Bishops, and to the Ruin of every Body else. Among the Company there wanted not Men in Office, besides one or two Expectants; yet I did not observe any of them disposed to return an Answer. But the Consequences drawn were these: That the great Men in Power sent hither from the other Side, were by no means upon the same Foot with his Majesty's other Subjects of *Ireland*. They had no common Ligament to bind them with  
us;



us ; they suffered not with our Sufferings, and if it were possible for us to have any Cause of Rejoicing, they could not rejoice with us.

Suppose a Person born in this Kingdom, shall happen, by his Services for the *English* Interest, to have an Employment conferred on him worth Four hundred Pounds a Year ; and that he hath likewise an Estate in Land, worth Four hundred Pounds a Year more : Suppose him to sit in Parliament : Then, suppose a Land Tax to be brought in of Five Shillings a Pound for Ten Years ; I tell you how this Gentleman will compute. He hath Four hundred Pounds a Year in Land : The Tax he must pay yearly is One hundred Pounds ; by which, in Ten Years, he will pay only a Thousand Pounds. But if he gives his Vote against this Tax, he will lose Four thousand Pounds, by being turned out of his Employment ; together with the Power and Influence he hath, by Virtue or Colour of his Employment ; and thus the Balance will be against him Three thousand Pounds.

I desire, my Fellow-Citizens, you will please to call to mind how many Persons you can vouch for among your Acquaintance, who have so much Virtue and Self-Denial, as to lose Four hundred Pounds a Year for Life ; together with the Smiles and Favour of Power, and the Hopes of higher Advancement, merely out of a generous Love of his Country.

The

The Contentions of Parties in *England* are very different from those among us. The Battle there is fought for Power and Riches; and so it is indeed among us: But, whether a great Employment be given to *Tom* or to *Peter*, they were both born in *England*, the Profits are to be spent there. All Employments (except a very few) are bestowed on the Natives: They do not send to *Germany*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, or *Denmark*, much less to *Ireland*, for Chancellors, Bishops, Judges, or other Officers. Their Salaries, whether well or ill got, are employ'd at home: And whatever their Morals or Politics be, the Nation is not the poorer.

The House of Commons in *England* have frequently endeavoured to limit the Number of Members, who should be allowed to have Employments under the Crown. Several Acts have been made to that Purpose, which many wise Men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual, by leaving the Power of Re-election. Our House of Commons consists, I think, of about three hundred Members; if one hundred of these should happen to be made up of Persons already provided for, join'd with Expecters, Compilers, easy to be persuaded, such as will give a Vote for a Friend who is in Hopes to get something; if they be merry Companions, without Suspicion, of a natural Bashfulness, not apt or able to look forwards; if good Words, Smiles, and Caresses, have any Power  
over

over them, the larger Part of a second Hundred may be very easily brought in at a most reasonable Rate.

There is an \* *Englishman* of no long standing among us, but in an Employment of great Trust, Power, and Profit. This excellent Person did lately publish, at his own Expence, a Pamphlet printed in *England* by Authority, to justify the Bill for a general *Excise*, or Inland Duty, in order to introduce that blessed Scheme among us. What a tender Care must such an *English* Patriot for *Ireland* have of our Interest, if he should condescend to sit in our Parliament? I will bridle my Indignation. However, methinks I long to see that Mortal, who would with Pleasure blow us up all at a Blast: But, he duly receives his Thousand Pounds a Year; makes his Progress like a King; is † received in Pomp at every Town and Village where he travels, and shines in the *English* News-Papers.

I will now apply what I have said to you, my Brethren and Fellow-Citizens. Count upon it, as a Truth next to your Creed, that no one Person in Office, of which he is not Master for

\* EDWARD THOMPSON, *Esq*; Member of Parliament for York, and a Commissioner of the Revenue of Ireland.

† Mr. THOMPSON was presented with his Freedom of several Corporations in Ireland.

For Life, whether born here or in *England*, will ever hazard that Office for the Good of this Country. One of your Candidates is of this Kind, and I believe him to be an honest Gentleman, as the Word Honesty is generally understood. But, he loves his Employment better than he doth you, or his Country, or all the Countries upon Earth. Will you contribute, or give him City Security, to pay him the Value of his Employment, if it should be taken from him, during his Life, for voting on all Occasions with the honest Country Party in the House? although I must question, whether he would do it, even upon that Condition.

Wherefore, since there are but two Candidates, I intreat you, will fix on the present Lord-Mayor. He hath shewn more Virtue, more Activity, more Skill, in one Year's Government of the City, than an hundred Years can equal. He hath endeavoured, with great Success, to banish Frauds, Corruptions, and all other Abuses from amongst you.

A dozen such Men in power, would be able to reform a Kingdom. He hath no Employment under the Crown; nor is likely to get or solicit for any; his Education having not turned him that Way. I will assure for no Man's future Conduct; but he who hath hitherto practised the Rules of Virtue with so much Difficulty, in so great and busy a Station, deserves your Thanks, and the best Return you can make him: and you, my Brethren, have

no other to give him, than that of representing you in Parliament. Tell me not of your Engagements and Promises to another. Your Promises were Sins of Inconsideration, at best; and you are bound to repent and annul them. That Gentleman, although with good Reputation, is already engag'd on the other Side. He hath Four hundred Pounds a Year under the Crown, which he is too wise to part with, by sacrificing so good an Establishment to the empty Names of Virtue, and Love of his Country. I can assure you, the DRAPIER is in the Interests of the present Lord-Mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I have lately heard him declare so in publick Company, and offer some of these very Reasons in Defence of his Opinion; although he hath a Regard and Esteem for the other Gentleman, but would not answer the Good of the City and the Kingdom for a Compliment.

The Lord Mayor's Severity to some unfair Dealers, should not turn the honest Men among them against him. Whatever he did was for the Advantage of those very Traders whose dishonest Members he punished. He hath hitherto been above Temptation, to act wrong; and therefore, as Mankind goes, he is the most likely to act right as a Representative of your City, as he constantly did in the Government of it.

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*A Consultation of four Physicians upon a Lord  
that was dying.*

*First Doctor.*

**I**S his Honor sic? Prae lætus felis Puls. It  
do es beat veris loto de.

*Second Doctor.* No notis as qui cassi e ver fel  
tu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum,  
ora fire bellat nite.

*Third Doctor.* It is veri hi.

*Fourth Doctor.* Noto contra dictu in mi jüge  
mentitis veri loto de. It is as orto maladi sum  
callet. Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lori  
na mel an coli post ure.

*First Doctor.* It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

*Second Doctor.* No docto rite queit for a quin  
fi. Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para  
cellus: Prae re adit.

*First Doctor.* Nono Doctor I ne ver quo te  
aqua casu do.

*Second Doctor.* Sum arso: Mi autoris no ne.

*Third Doctor.* No quare lingat prae senti des  
ire. His honor is sic ossa colli casure as i sit  
here.

*Fourth*

*Fourth Doctor.* It is aether an atro phi ora colli casu sed : Ire membri re ad it in Doctor me ades esse, here itis.

*Third Doctor.* I ne ver re ad apage init, no re ver in tendit.

*Second Doctor.* Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o nas i here.

*First Doctor.* Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

*Second Doctor.* I fits a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

*Third Doctor.* I a ver his casis venire a lassifisco ver edit in as hanc cor ; an da poli pus in his no se. An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en sue.

*First Doctor.* It is ad ange rus casas ani.

*Fourth Doctor.* I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his Belli. Hi sto maeto is empti.

*First Doctor.* It me bea pluri si ; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

*Second Doctor.* Ure par donat presenti des ire ; his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

*Third Doctor.* Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

*Fourth Doctor.* It is alea pro si fora uti se. Prae hos his a poti curi ? cantu tellus. Ab lis ter me bene cessa risum decens. Itis as urem edi in manicas es.

*Third Doctor.* I findit isto late tot hinc offa rem edi ; fori here his Honor is de ad.

*Second Doctor.* His time is cum.

*First Doctor.* Is it trudo ut hinc ?

*Fourth Doctor.* It is veri certa in. His Par is Belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

*Third Doctor.* Nae, i fis Ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum asin esto prae foris sole. His Honor has bina cato liquor a de isti here.

*First Doctor.* Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu veris.

*Second Doctor.* Api stolis alligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forti nite.

*Third Doctor.* O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis sic nes ani more.

*Fourth Doctor.* Api stolis ne a quin a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes fore times more. It istos mala fito a Doctor o fis hic.

*Second Doctor.* Lætus paco fitis time.

*First Doctor.* Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas canpe ringo fas fastas arato ut ossa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute; bimi solido. His lae quis an das turdis auffi sto ut valet is rea di forus.

*Second Doctor.* Ali feris ab ast in a do, fori here ano is at adis stans.



## A Specimen of Latinitas G—.

**E**GO ludam diabolum super duos baculos  
cum te.

Voca super me cras.

Profecte ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.

Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?

Ego faciam te fumare.

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare saltum.

Veni, veni, solve tuum Scotum, et fac non plura  
verba.

Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ven-  
trem plenum.

Ut diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid est materia tecum?

Tu habes vetus Proverbium super tuum latus :

Nibil est nunquam in periculo.

Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.

Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.

Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.

Esne tu super pro omni die?

Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis Urfis?

Ille est exsuper suam servationem.

Tu est carcer avis.

*Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, & tu aptas  
me ad crinem.*

*Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic est magnus clamor,  
et parva lana.*

*Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.*

*Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum?*

*Hic est diabolus et omne agere.*

*Vixne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?*

*Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.*

*Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.*

*Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.*

*Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.*

*Esne tu in aure nido?*

*Tu es homo extranei renis.*

*Precor, ambula super.*

*Ego intro non in tuas querelas.*

*Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.*

*Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum  
ita?*

*Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo Domino.*

*Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.*

*Ferrina et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ  
lucem.*



*Upon the Death of Mr. STOYTE, Recorder of the City of Dublin, in the Year 1733, several Gentlemen declared themselves Candidates to succeed him; upon which the Dean wrote the following Paper, and EATON STANNARD, Esq; (a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, and very knowing in his Profession) was elected.*

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*Some CONSIDERATIONS humbly offered to the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, the Court of Aldermen and Common-Council of the Hon. City of DUBLIN, in the Choice of a Recorder.*

**T**HE Office of Recorder to this City being vacant by the Death of a very worthy Gentleman: It is said, that five or six Persons are soliciting to succeed him in the Employment. I am a Stranger to all their Persons, and to most of their Characters. Which latter, I hope, will at this time be canvassed with more Decency, than it sometimes happeneth upon the like Occasions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more Freedom deliver

deliver my Thoughts, how the several Persons and Parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a Recorder for this great and ancient City.

And first, as it is a very natural, so I can by no Means think it an unreasonable Opinion, that the Sons or near Relations of Aldermen, and other deserving Citizens, should be duly regarded, as proper Competitors for an Employment in the City's Disposal: Provided they be equally qualified with other Candidates; and, provided that such Employments require no more than common Abilities and common Honesty. But, in the Choice of a Recorder, the Case is intircly different. He ought to be a Person of good Abilities in his Calling; of an unspotted Character; an able Practitioner; one who hath occasionally merited of this City before: He ought to be of some Maturity in Years; a Member of Parliament, and likely to continue so; regular in his Life; firm in his Loyalty to the *Hanover* Succession; indulgent to tender Consciencs; but, at the same Time, a firm Adherer to the Establish'd Church. If he be such a one, who hath already sat in Parliament, it ought to be enquired of what Weight he was there; whether he voted on all Occasions for the Good of his Country; and particularly for advancing the Trade and Freedom of this City: Whether he be engaged in any Faction, either National or Religious: And lastly, whether he be a Man of  
 Courage;

Courage ; not to be drawn from his Duty by the Frowns or Menaces of Power, nor capable to be corrupted by Allurements or Bribes. — These and many other Particulars are of infinitely more Consequence than that single Circumstance of being descended by a direct or collateral Line from any Alderman, or distinguished Citizen, dead or alive.

There is not a Dealer or Shop-keeper in this City of any Substance, whose thriving, less or more, may not depend upon the good or ill Conduct of a Recorder. He is to watch every Motion in Parliament that may the least affect the Freedom, Trade, or Welfare of it.

In this approaching Election, the Commons, as they are in a numerous Body, so they seem to be most concerned in point of Interest ; and their Interest ought to be most regarded, because it altogether dependeth upon the true Interest of the City. They have no private Views ; and giving their Votes, as I am informed, by Ballotting, they lie under no Awe, or Fear of disobliging Competitors. It is therefore hoped, that they will duly consider which of the Candidates is most likely to advance the Trade of themselves and their Brother Citizens ; to defend their Liberties, both *in* and *out* of Parliament, against all Attempts of Encroachment or Oppression. And so God direct them in the Choice of a Recorder, who may for many Years supply that important Office with Skill, Diligence, Courage, and Fidelity. And let all the People say, *Amen.*

THE



THE  
BEASTS CONFESSION  
TO THE  
PRIEST,  
ON

Observing how most Men mistake their own Talents.

Written in the Year 1732.





## P R E F A C E.

*I* Have been long of Opinion, that there is not a more general and greater Mistake, or of worse Consequence through the Commerce of Mankind, than the wrong Judgments they are apt to entertain of their own Talents : I knew a fluttering Alderman in London, a great Frequenter of Coffee-houses ; who, when a fresh News-paper was brought in, constantly seiz'd it first, and read it aloud to his Brother-Citizens ; but in a Manner, as little intelligible to the Standers-by as to himself. How many Pretenders to Learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very Parts of Science where-with they are least acquainted ? It is the same Case in every other Qualification. By the Multitude of those who deal in Rhimes from Half a Sheet to Twenty, which comes out every Minute, there must be at least five Hundred Poets in the City and Suburbs of London ; half as many Coffee-House Orators, exclusive of the Clergy ;

forty Thousand Politicians ; and four Thousand five Hundred profane Scholars : Not to mention the Wits, the Raillers, the smart Fellows, and Criticks ; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb Whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed Sparks, proud of their own personal Deformities, which appear the more hideous by the Contrast of wearing Scarlet and Gold, with what they call † Toupces on their Heads, and all the Frippery of a modern Beau, to make a Figure before Women ; some of them with Hump-Backs, others hardly five Feet high, and every Feature of their Faces distorted. I have seen many of these insipid Pretenders entering into Conversation with Persons of Learning, constantly making the grossest Blunders in every Sentence, without conveying one single Idea fit for a rational Creature to spend a Thought on ; perpetually confounding all Chronology and Geography even of present Times. I compute that London hath eleven native Fools of the Beau and Puppy-kind, for one among us in Dublin ; besides two Thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturaliz'd ; whereby that overgrown Capital exceeds ours in the Article of Dunces, by forty to one ; and, what is more to our further Mortification, there is not one distinguish'd Fool of Irish Birth or Education, who makes any Noise in that famous

† Wigs with long black Tails worn for some Years past. November 1738.

*mous Metropolis, unless the London Prints be very partial or defective ; whereas London is seldom without a Dozen of their own educating, who engross the Vogue for half a Winter together, and are never heard of more, but give Place to a new Sett. This hath been the constant Progress for at least thirty Years past, only allowing for the Change of Breed and Fashion.*



## Advertisement.

**T**HE following Poem is grounded upon the universal Folly of Mankind, of mistaking their Talents; by which the Author doth a great Honour to his own Species, almost equalling them with certain Brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: And, yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four Animals; the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape; all equally mischievous except the last, who outdoes them in the Article of Cunning: So great is the Pride of Man.

T H E  
 BEASTS CONFESSION  
 T O T H E  
 P R I E S T, &c.

W H E N Beasts could speak, (the Learned  
 say

They still can do so every Day)  
 It seems they had Religion then,  
 As much as now we find in Men.  
 It happen'd when a Plague broke out  
 (Which therefore made them more devout)  
 The King of Brutes (to make it plain,  
 Of Quadrupeds I only mean)  
 By Proclamation gave Command,  
 That ev'ry Subject in the Land  
 Should to the Priest confess their Sins ;  
 And thus the pious Wolf begins :

Good Father, I must own with Shame,  
 That, often I have been to blame :  
 I must confess, on *Friday* last,  
 Wretch that I was, I broke my Fast :  
 But, I defy the basest Tongue  
 To prove I did my Neighbour wrong ;  
 Or ever went to seek my Food  
 By Rapine, Theft, or Thirst of Blood.  
 The Ass approaching next, confess'd,  
 That in his Heart he lov'd a Jest :

A Wag he was, he needs must own,  
And could not let a Dunce alone :  
Sometimes his Friend he would not spare,  
And might perhaps be too severe :  
But yet the worst that could be said,  
He was a *Wit* both born and bred ;  
And, if it be a Sin or Shame,  
Nature alone must bear the Blame :  
One Fault he hath, is sorry for't,  
His Ears are half a Foot too short ;  
Which could he to the Standard bring,  
He'd shew his Face before the K—— :  
Then, for his Voice, there's none disputes  
That he's the Nightingale of Brutes.

The Swine with contrite Heart allow'd,  
His Shape and Beauty made him proud :  
In Diet was perhaps too nice,  
But Gluttony was ne'er his Vice :  
In ev'ry Turn of Life content,  
And meekly took what Fortune sent :  
Enquire through all the Parish round,  
A better Neighbour ne'er was found :  
His Vigilance might some displease ;  
'Tis true, he hated Sloth like Pease.

The mimic Ape began his Chatter,  
How evil Tongues his Life bespatter :  
Much of the cens'ring World complain'd,  
Who said, his Gravity was feign'd :  
Indeed, the Strictness of his Morals  
Engag'd him in an Hundred Quarrels :  
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,  
His Zeal was sometimes indiscreet :  
He found his Virtues too severe  
For our corrupted Times to bear :

Yet,

Yet, such a lewd licentious Age  
Might well excuse a Stoic's Rage.

The Goat advanc'd with decent Pace :  
And, first excus'd his youthful Face ;  
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd  
( 'Twas Nature's Fault ) without a Beard.  
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd  
To Fondness for the Female Kind ;  
Not, as his Enemies object,  
From Chance, or natural Defect ;  
Not by his frigid Constitution,  
But through a pious Resolution ;  
For he had made a holy Vow,  
Of Chastity, as Monks do now ;  
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,  
As strictly too, as doth his \* Reverence.

Apply the Tale, and you shall find  
How just it suits with Human-kind.  
Some Faults we own : But, can you guess ?  
Why ?——Virtue's carried to Excess ;  
Wherewith our Vanity endows us,  
Though neither Foe nor Friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,  
He never squeez'd a needy Client :  
And, this he makes his constant Rule ;  
For which his Brethren call him Fool :  
His Conscience always was so nice,  
He freely gave the Poor Advice ;  
By which he lost, he may affirm,  
A Hundred Fees last *Easter* Term.  
While others of the learned Robe  
Would break the Patience of a *Job* ;

\* *The Priest his Confessor.*

No

No Pleader at the Bar could match  
His Diligence and quick Dispatch ;  
Ne'er kept a Cause he well may boast,  
Above a Term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a Place  
Without Success, thus tells his Case :  
Why should he longer mince the Matter ?  
He fail'd because he could not flatter ;  
He had not learn'd to turn his Coat,  
Nor for a Party give his Vote :  
His Crime he quickly understood ;  
Too zealous for the Nation's Good :  
He found, the Ministers resent it,  
Yet could not for his Heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,  
Though it would raise him to the Lawn ;  
He pass'd his Hours among his Books ;  
You find it in his meagre Looks :  
He might if he were worldly wise,  
Preferment get and spare his Eyes :  
But own'd, he had a stubborn Spirit,  
That made him trust alone in Merit :  
Would rise by Merit to Promotion ;  
Alas ! a mere chimeric Notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,  
Confess'd a Sin, and God forgive him ?  
Call'd up at Midnight, ran to save  
A blind old Beggar from the Grave :  
But, see how *Satan* spreads his Snares ;  
He quite forgot to say his Pray'rs.  
He cannot help it for his Heart  
Sometimes to act the Parson's Part :  
Quotes from the Bible many a Sentence  
That moves his Patients to Repentance :

And,



And, when his Med'cines do no Good,  
Supports their Minds with heav'nly Food.  
At which, however well intended,  
He hears the Clergy are offended ;  
And grown so bold behind his Back,  
To call him Hypocrite and Quack.  
In his own Church he keeps a Seat ;  
Says Grace before and after Meat ;  
And calls, without affecting Airs,  
His Household twice a Day to Pray'rs.  
He shuns Apothecaries Shops ;  
And hates to cram the Sick with Slops :  
He scorns to make his Art a Trade ;  
Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite Maid.  
Old Nurse-keepers would never hire  
To recommend him to the Squire ;  
Which others, whom he will not name,  
Have often practis'd to their Shame.

The Statesman tells you with a *Sneer*,  
His Fault is to be too *sincere* ;  
And, having no sinister Ends,  
Is apt to disoblige his Friends.  
The Nation's Good, his Master's Glory,  
Without Regard to *Whig* or *Tory*,  
Were all the Schemes he had in View ;  
Yet he was seconded by few :  
Though some had spread a thousand Lyes,  
'Twas *He* defeated the EXCISE.  
'Twas known, though he had born Asperision,  
That *Standing Troops* were his Aversion :  
His Practice was, in ev'ry Station,  
To serve the King, and please the Nation.  
Though hard to find in ev'ry Case  
The fittest Man to fill a Place :

His

His Promises he ne'er forgot,  
But took Memorials on the Spot :  
His Enemies for want of Charity,  
Said, he affected Popularity :  
'Tis true; the People understood,  
That all he did was for their Good ;  
Their kind Affections he has try'd ;  
No Love is lost on either Side.  
He came to Court with Fortune clear,  
Which now he runs out ev'ry Year ;  
Must, at the Rate that he goes on,  
Inevitably be undone.  
Oh ! if his Majesty would please  
To give him but a Writ of Ease,  
Would grant him Licence to retire,  
As it hath long been his Desire,  
By fair Accounts it would be found,  
He's poorer by ten Thousand Pound.  
He owns, and hopes it is no Sin,  
He ne'er was partial to his Kin ;  
He thought it base for Men in Stations,  
To crowd the Court with their Relations :  
His Country was his dearest Mother,  
And ev'ry virtuous Man his Brother ;  
Through Modesty or awkward Shame,  
(For which he owns himself to blame)  
He found the wisest Men he cou'd,  
Without Respect to Friends, or Blood ;  
Nor ever acts on private Views,  
When he hath Liberty to chuse.

The Sharper swore he hated Play,  
Except to pass an Hour away :  
And well he might; for to his Cost,  
By want of Skill, he always lost ;

He

He heard there was a Club of Cheats,  
 Who had contriv'd a Thousand Feats;  
 Could change the Stock, or cog a Dye,  
 And thus deceive the sharpest Eye;  
 No wonder how his Fortune sunk,  
 His Brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the Moral not exact;  
 Besides, the Tale is false in Fact;  
 And, so absurd, that, could I raise up  
 From Fields *Elysian*, fabling *Esop*;  
 I would accuse him to his Face,  
 For libelling the *Four-foot Race*.  
 Creatures of ev'ry Kind but ours  
 Well comprehend their nat'ral Pow'rs;  
 While We, whom *Reason* ought to sway,  
 Mistake our Talents ev'ry Day:  
 The Ass was never known so stupid  
 To act the Part of *Tray* or *Cupid*;  
 Nor leaps upon his Master's Lap,  
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with Pap;  
 As *Esop* would the World persuade;  
 He better understands his Trade:  
 Nor comes whene'er his Lady whistles;  
 But carries Loads, and feeds on Thistles;  
 Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is  
 A Creature § *bipes & implumis*;  
 Wherein the Moralist design'd  
 A Compliment on Human-kind:  
 For, here he owns, that now and then  
 † Beasts may *degen'rate* into Men.

§ *A Definition of Man disapproved by all Logicians:*  
 Homo est Animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.  
 † *Vide Gulliver in his Account of the Houynhnams*

## ADVERTISEMENT,

For the Honour of the Kingdom of IRELAND.

*THIS is to inform the Publick, that a Gentleman of long Study, Observation, and Experience, hath employed himself for several Years in making Collections of Facts, relating to the Conduct of Divines, Physicians, Lawyers, Soldiers, Merchants, Traders, and Squires, containing an Historical Account of the most remarkable Corruptions, Frauds, Oppressions, Knaveries, and Perjuries; wherein the Names of all the Persons concerned shall be inserted at full Length, with some Account of their Families and Stations.*

*But whereas the said Gentleman cannot compleat his History without some Assistance from the Publick, he humbly desires, that all Persons who have any Memoirs, or Accounts relating to themselves, their Families, their Friends or Acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the Work, will please to send them to the Printer of this Advertisement: And, if any of the said Persons, who are disposed to send Materials, happen to live in the Country, it is desired their Letters may be either franked, or the Post paid.*

*This Collection is to commence with the Year 1700, and be continued to the present Year 1738. The Work is to be entituled, The Author's Critical History of his own Times.*

*It is intended to be printed by Subscription, in a large Octavo; each Volume to contain five Hundred*

*Hundred*

# ADVERTISEMENT. 205

*Hundred Facts, and are to be sold for a British Crown: The Author proposeth that the whole Work (which will take in the Period of thirty-eight Years) will be contained in eighteen Volumes.*

*Whoever shall send the Author any Accounts of Persons who have performed any Acts of Justice, Charity, Publick Spirit, Gratitude, Fidelity, or the like, attested by indubitable Witnesses within the same Period; the said Facts shall be printed by Way of Appendix at the End of each Volume, and no Addition to the Price of the Work demanded. But, lest such Persons may apprehend, that the relating of these Facts may be injurious to their Reputation, their Names shall not be set down without particular Direction.*

*N. B. There will be a small Number printed on Royal Paper for the Curious, at only two British Crowns. There will also be the Effigies of the most eminent Persons mentioned in this Work, prefixed to each Volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.*

*SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the Printer hereof, and by the Booksellers of London and Dublin.*

VOL. XIV.

T

Part

Part of the IX<sup>th</sup> ODE of the Fourth BOOK of  
HORACE, address'd to Doctor WILLIAM  
KING, late Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

*Paulum sepultæ, &c.*

**V**IRTUE conceal'd within our Breast  
Is Inactivity at best :  
But, never shall the Muse endure  
To let your Virtues lie obscure,  
Or suffer Envy to conceal  
Your Labours for the Publick Weal.  
Within your Breast all Wisdom lies,  
Either to govern or advise ;  
Your steady Soul preserves her Frame  
In good and evil Times the same.  
Pale Avarice, and lurking Fraud,  
Stand in your sacred Presence aw'd ;  
Your Hand alone from Gold abstains,  
Which drags the slavish World in Chains.

Him for a happy Man I own,  
Whose Fortune is not overgrown ;  
And happy he who wisely knows  
To use the Gifts, that Heav'n bestows ;  
Or, if it please the Pow'rs Divine,  
Can suffer Want, and not repine.  
The Man, who Infamy to shun,  
Into the Arms of Death would run,  
That Man is ready to defend  
With Life his Country, or his Friend.

VERSES

VERSES made for Women who cry Apples, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine Wares,  
Plumbs, Apples, and Pears,  
A Hundred a Penny,  
In Conscience too many,  
Come, will you have any?  
My Children are seven,  
I wish them in Heaven,  
My Husband's a Sot,  
With his Pipe and his Pot,  
Not a Farthing will gain 'em,  
And I must maintain 'em.

}

A S P A R A G U S.

RIPE 'Sparagrafs,  
Fit for Lad or Lass  
To make their Water pass:  
O, 'tis pretty Picking  
With a tender Chicken.

O N Y O N S.

COME, follow me by the Smell,  
Here's delicate Onyons to sell,  
I promise to use you well.  
They make the Blood warmer,  
You'll feed like a Farmer:

}

T 2

For

For this is ev'ry Cook's Opinion,  
 No fav'ry Dish without an Onyon;  
 But lest your Kissing should be spoil'd,  
 Your Onyons must be th'roughly boil'd;  
     Or else you may spare  
     Your Mistress a Share,  
 The Secret will never be known;  
 She cannot discover  
     The Breath of her Lover,  
 But think it as sweet as her own.

## OYSTERS.

CHARMING Oysters I cry,  
 My Masters, come buy.  
 So plump and so fresh,  
 So sweet is their Flesh,  
 No Colchester Oyster  
 Is sweeter and moister;  
 Your Stomach they settle,  
 And rouse up your Mettle;  
     They'll make you a Dad  
     Of a Lads or a Lad;  
     And Madam your Wife  
     They'll please to the Life;  
 Be she barren, be she old,  
 Be she Slut, or be she Scold,  
 Eat my Oysters, and lie near her,  
 She'll be fruitful never fear her.

HER.



## H E R R I N G S.

**B**E not sparing,  
Leave off Swearing,

Buy my Herring  
Fresh from *Malahide*,  
Better ne'er was try'd.

Come, eat 'em with pure fresh Butter and  
Mustard,

Their Bellies are soft, and as white as a  
Custard.

Come, Six-pence a Dozen to get me some  
Bread,

Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be  
dead.

## O R A N G E S.

**C**OME buy my fine Oranges, Sauce for  
your Veal,

And charming when squeez'd in a Pot of  
brown Ale.

Well roasted, with Sugar and Wine in a  
Cup,

They'll make a sweet Bishop when Gentlefolks  
sup.

*Malahide, about five Miles from Dublin,  
famous for Oysters.*

## T O L O V E.

**I**N all I wish how happy should I be,  
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee?  
So weak thou art, that Fools thy Pow'r despise,  
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the  
Wife.

Thy Traps are laid with such peculiar Art,  
They catch the Cautious; let the Rash depart.  
Most Nets are fill'd by Want of Thought and  
Care,

But too much Thinking brings us to thy Snare.  
Where held by thee, in Slavery we stay,  
And throw the pleasing Part of Life away.  
But, what does most my Indignation move,  
Discretion, thou wert ne'er a Friend to Love.  
Thy chief Delight is to defeat those Arts  
By which he kindles mutual Flames in Hearts,  
While the blind loit'ring God is at his Play  
Thou steal'st his golden pointed Darts away;  
Those Darts which never fail; and in their  
Stead,

Convey'st malignant Arrows tip'd with Lead:  
The heedless God, suspecting no Deceits,  
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous  
Feats;

But the poor Nymph, who feels her Vitals  
burn,  
And from her Shepherd can find no Return,  
Laments

Laments and rages at the Power divine,  
 When, curs'd Discretion, all the Fault was  
 thine;

*Cupid* and *Hymen* thou hast set at Odds,  
 And bred such Feuds betwixt those Kindred  
 Gods,

That *Venus* cannot reconcile her Sons,  
 When one appears, away the other runs.

The former Scales, wherein he us'd to poise  
 Love against Love, and equal Joys with Joys,  
 Are now fill'd up with Avarice and Pride,  
 Where Titles, Power, and Riches still subside.

Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy Father run,  
 And tell him how thy Children are undone;  
 Prepare his Bolts, to give one fatal Blow,  
 And strike Discretion to the Shades below.

---

*The following Lines were wrote upon a very  
 old Glass of Sir Arthur Acheson's.*

Frail Glass, thou mortal art, as well as I,  
 Tho' none can tell, which of us first shall die.

*Answer'd extempore by Dr. SWIFT.*

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer Creature,  
 Mayst die, like me, by Chance, but not by  
 Nature.

VERSES

VERSES cut by two of the DEAN's Friends,  
upon a Pane of Glass in one of his Parlours.

A BARD on whom *Phœbus* his Spirit be-  
stow'd;  
Resolving t' acknowledge the Bounty he ow'd,  
Found out a new Method at once of confessing,  
And making the most of so mighty a Blessing;  
To the God he'd be grateful, but Mortals he'd  
choose  
By making his Patron preside in his House.  
And wisely foresaw this Advantage from  
thence,  
That the God wou'd in Honour bear most of  
th' Expencc :  
So, the Bard he finds Drink, and leaves *Phœbus*  
to treat  
With the Thoughts he inspires, regardless of  
Meat.  
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,  
Are always fobb'd off with sheer Wit and sheer  
Wine.

*On another Window.*

ARE the Guests of this House still doom'd  
to be cheated?  
Sure the Fates have decreed they by Halves  
should be treated.

In

In the Days of good † John, if you came here  
to dine,

You had Choice of good Meat, no Choice of  
good Wine.

In Jonathan's Reign, if you come here to eat,  
You have Choice of good Wine, no Choice of  
good Meat.

Oh Jove! then how fully might all Sides be  
blest,

Wouldst thou but agree to this humble Re-  
quest?

Put both Deans in one; or, if that's too much  
Trouble,

Instead of the Deans, make the Deanry double.

*An EPITAPH by Dr. SWIFT to the Memory  
of FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG, who  
was unhappily killed in crossing the River  
Boyne on the 1st of July 1690, and was bu-  
ried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the  
Dean and Chapter erected a small Monument  
to his Honour, at their own Expence.*

Hic infra situm est Corpus  
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,  
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.  
DECANUS

† Dr. John Stearne, late Bishop of Clogher,  
who had been the Predecessor of Dr. Swift in the  
Deanry of St. Patrick's, and was always distin-  
guish'd for his great Hospitality.

DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere  
 etiam atque etiam petierunt,  
 Ut HEREDES DUCIS Monumentum,  
 In memoriam PARENTIS, erigendum curarent:  
 Sed postquam per Epistolas, per Amicos,  
 diu ac sæpè orando nil profecere;  
 Hunc demum Lapidem ipsi statuerunt,  
 || Saltem ut scias Hospes,  
 Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES Cineres  
 delitescunt.

*Plus potuit fama Virtutis apud Alienos,  
 Quam Sanguinis proximitas apud suos.*

A. D. 1731.

|| *The Words that Dr. Swift first concluded the Epitaph with, were still stronger, namely; Saltem ut sciat Viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti Ducitoris cineres delitescunt. For the Author was always heard to speak with great Reverence of the Memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious Master King WILLIAM; and indeed of all others, who have struggled for the Liberties of these Kingdoms against the repeated Attempts of Arbitrary Power.*

A B A L.

## A BALLAD on the Game of TRAFFICK.

*Written at the Castle of Dublin, in the Time of  
the Earl of Berkley's Government.*

**M**Y || Lord to find out, who must deal  
Delivers Cards about,  
But the first Knave does seldom fail  
To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!  
And seem'd to knit his Brow;  
For on a Knave he never looks  
But H thinks upon *Jack How*.

My *Lady*, tho' she is no Player,  
Some bungling Partner takes,  
And wedg'd in Corner of a Chair,  
Takes Snuff, and holds the Stakes.

Dame *Floyd* looks out in grave Suspence  
For Pair-royals and Sequents;  
But wisely cautious of her Pence,  
The Castle seldom frequents.

Quoth *Herries*, fairly putting Cases,  
I'd won it on my Word,  
If I had put a Pair of Aces,  
And could pick up a Third.

But

|| *The Earl of Berkley.*

But Weston has a new-cast Gown  
 On Sundays to be fine in,  
 And, if she can but win a Crown,  
 'Twill just new dye the Lining.

“ With these is Parson Swift,  
 “ Not knowing how to spend his Time,  
 “ Does make a wretched Shift,  
 “ To deafen them with Puns and Rhime.

*Lady Betty Berkley finding this Ballad in the Author's Room unfinished, she underwrit the last Stanza, and left the Paper where she had found it; which occasioned a Song, printed in the Seventh Volume of the Miscellanies, pag. 67. written by the Author in a counterfeited Hand, as if a third Person had done it.*

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

VERSES said to be written on the UNION.

THE † Queen has lately lost a Part  
 Of her entirely-English Heart,  
 For want of which by way of Botch,  
 She piec'd it up again with Scotch.  
 Blest Revolution, which creates  
 Divided Hearts, united States.  
 See how the double Nation lies;  
 Like a rich Coat with Skirts of Frize;  
 As if a Man in making Poesies  
 Should bundle Thistles up with Roses.

Whoever

† Anna.



Who ever yet a Union saw  
 Of Kingdoms, without Faith or Law ?  
 Henceforward let no Statesmen dare  
 A Kingdom to a Ship compare ;  
 Lest he should call our Commonweal,  
 A Vessel with a double Keel :  
 Which just like ours, new rigg'd and man'd,  
 And got about a League from Land,  
 By Change of Wind to Leeward Side  
 The Pilot knew not how to guide.  
 So tossing Faction will o'erwhelm  
 Our crazy double-bottom'd Realm.

---

WILL. WOOD'S PETITION to the People of  
 IRELAND, being an excellent new SONG.

*Supposed to be made and sung in the Streets of  
 Dublin, by William Wood, Ironmonger and  
 Half-penny-monger, 1725.*

MY dear Irish Folks,  
 Come leave off your Jokes,  
 And buy up my Half-pence so fine ;  
 So fair and so bright,  
 They'll give you Delight ;  
 Observe how they glister and shine.  
 They'll sell, to my Grief,  
 As cheap as Neck-beef,  
 For Counters at Cards to your Wife ;  
 And every Day  
 Your Children may play  
 Span-farthing or Toss on the Knife.

Come hither and try ;  
 I'll teach you to buy  
 Pot of good Ale for a Farthing :  
 Come ; Three-pence a Score,  
 I ask you no more,  
 And a Fig for the Drapier and † *Harding*.  
 When Tradesmen have Gold,  
 The Thief will be bold,  
 By Day and by Night for to rob him :  
 My Copper is such,  
 No Robber will touch,  
 And so you may daintily bob him.  
 The little Black-guard  
 Who gets very hard  
 His Half-pence for cleaning your Shoes :  
 When his Pockets are cram'd  
 With mine, and be d——d,  
 He may swear he has nothing to lose.  
 Here's Half-pence in plenty,  
 For one you'll have twenty,  
 Tho' Thousands are not worth a Pudden.  
 Your Neighbours will think,  
 When your Pocket cries Chink,  
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.  
 You will be my Thankers,  
 I'll make you my Bankers,  
 As good as § *Ben Burton* or *Fade* :  
 For nothing shall pass  
 But my pretty Brass,  
 And then you'll be all of a Trade.

I'm

† *The Drapier's Printer.*  
 § *Two famous Bankers.*

I'm a Son of a Whore,  
 If I have a Word more,  
 To say in this wretched Condition.  
 If my Coin will not pass,  
 I must die like an Ass;  
 And so I conclude my Petition.

---

*An EPIGRAM on Wood's BRASS-MONEY.*

**C**ARTRET was welcom'd to the Shore  
 First with the brazen Cannons Roar.  
 To meet him next, the Soldier comes,  
 With brazen Trumps and brazen Drums.  
 Approaching near the Town, he hears  
 The brazen Bells salute his Ears :  
 But when *Wood's* Brass began to sound,  
 Guns, Trumpets, Drums, and Bells were  
 drown'd.

---

*Another, on the D—e of C——s.*

**J**—s B—s was the Dean's familiar Friend ;  
 J—s grows a Du—; their Friendship here  
 must end.  
 Surely the Dean deserves a sore Rebuke,  
 From knowing *James*, to say, he knows a  
 D—e.

## An EPIGRAM on SCOLDING.

**G**REAT Folks are of a finer Mold ;  
 Lord ! how politely they can stold !  
 While a coarse *Englisk* Tongue will itch,  
 For Whore and Rogue, and Dog and Bitch.

---

## CATULLUS de LESBIA.

**L**ESBIA mi dicit semper male ; nec tacet  
 unquam

*De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.  
 Quo signo ? Quia sunt totidem mea : Deprecor  
 illam*

*Affidue ; verum, dispeream, nisi ama.*

## In ENGLISH.

**L**ESBIA for ever on me rails,  
 To talk of me she never fails.  
 Now hang me, but for all her Art,  
 I find that I have gain'd her Heart:  
 My Proof is thus : I plainly see,  
 The Case is just the same with me ;  
 I curse her ev'ry Hour sincerely,  
 Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

Mr.

Mr. JASON HASSARD, a Woollen Draper in Dublin, put up the Sign of the Golden Fleece, and desired a Motto in Verse.

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,  
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece;  
We comb the Wool, refine the Stuff;  
From modern *Jasons* that's enuff.  
Oh! could we tame yon watchful Dragon,  
Old *Jason* would have less to brag on.

---

*The AUTHOR's Manner of Living.*

ON rainy Days alone I dine,  
Upon a Chick, and Pint of Wine.  
On rainy Days, I dine alone,  
And pick my Chicken to the Bone:  
But this my Servants much enrages,  
No Scraps remain to save Board-wages.  
In Weather fine I nothing spend,  
But often sponge upon a Friend:  
Yet where he's not so rich as I;  
I pay my Club, and so Good b'y——.

*To a LADY, who desired the Author to write  
some Verses upon her in the Heroic Style.*

Written at London in the Year 1726.

**A**FTER venting all my Spight,  
Tell me, what have I to write ?  
Ev'ry Error I would find  
Thro' the Mazes of your Mind,  
Have my busy Muse employ'd,  
Till the Company is cloy'd.  
Are you positive and fretful,  
Heedless ; ignorant, forgetful ?  
These, and twenty Follies more,  
I have often told before.

Hearken what my Lady says,  
Have I nothing then to praise ?  
Ill it fits you to be witty,  
Where a Fault should move your Pity.  
If you think me too conceited,  
Or to Passion quickly heated :  
If my wandring Head be less  
Set on Reading than on Dress :  
If I always seem so dull t'ye ;  
I can solve the Diffi--culty.

You would teach me to be wise ;  
Truth and Honour how to prize ;  
How to shine in Conversation,  
And with Credit fill my Station ;  
How to relish Notions high :  
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate,  
Mr. Dean, you come too late ;

Well

Well I know, you can discern,  
I am now too old to learn :  
Follies from my Youth instill'd,  
Have my Soul entirely fill'd :  
In my Head and Heart they center ;  
Nor will let your Lessons enter.

Bred a Fondling and an Heiress ;  
Dress'd like any Lady-May'refs ;  
Cocker'd by the Servants round,  
Was too good to touch the Ground ;  
Thought the Life of ev'ry Lady  
Should be one continual Play-day ;  
Balls, and Masquerades, and Shews ;  
Visits, Plays, and powder'd Beaux.

Thus you have my Case at large ;  
And may now perform your Charge.  
Those Materials I have furnish'd,  
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,  
Must, that all the World may know'em,  
Be reduc'd into a Poem.

But, I beg suspend awhile  
That same poultry burlesque Style ;  
Drop for once your constant Rule,  
Turning all to Ridicule :  
Teaching others how to ape ye ;  
Court nor Parliament can 'scape ye ;  
Treat the Publick and your Friends  
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my Praise in Strain sublime ;  
Treat not me with doggrel Rhyme.  
'Tis but just, you should produce  
With each Fault, each Fault's Excuse :

Not

Not to publish ev'ry Trifle,  
 And my few Perfections stifle.  
 With some Gifts at least endow me,  
 Which my very Foes allow me.  
 Am I spiteful, proud, unjust ?  
 Did I ever break my Trust ?  
 Which of all your *modern* Dames  
 Censures less, or less defames ?  
 In good Manners am I faulty ?  
 Can you call me rude or haughty ?  
 Did I e'er my Mite withhold  
 From the impotent and old ?  
 When did ever I omit  
 Due Regard for Men of Wit ?  
 When have I Esteem express'd  
 For a Coxcomb gaily dress'd ?  
 Do I, like the Female Tribe,  
 Think it Wit to fleer and gibe ?  
 Who, with less-designing Ends,  
 Kindlyer entertains their Friends ?  
 With good Words and Count'nance sprightly,  
 Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not Cards my chief Diversion :  
 'Tis a wrong unjust Asperision :  
 Never knew I any Good in 'um,  
 But to doze my Head like *Lodoum* :  
 We by Play, as Men by Drinking;  
 Pass our Nights to drive out Thinking.  
 From my Ailments give me Leisure,  
 I shall read and think with Pleasure :  
 Conversation learn to relish,  
 And with Books my Mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry ;  
 Mr. *Dean*, you must reply,

Madam,



Madam, I allow 'tis true :  
All these Praises are your Due.  
You, like some acute Philosopher,  
Ev'ry Fault have drawn a Gloss over ;  
Placing in the strongest Light  
All your Virtues to my Sight.

Though you lead a blameless Life,  
Live an humble, prudent Wife ;  
Answer all domestick Ends,  
What is this to us your Friends ?  
Though your Children by a Nod  
Stand in Awe without the Rod :  
Though by your obliging Sway,  
Servants love you, and obey ;  
Though you treat us with a Smile ;  
Clear your Looks, and smooch your Style ;  
Load our Plates from ev'ry Dish :  
This is not the Thing we wish.  
Col'nel——may be your Debtor ;  
We expect Employment better.  
You must learn, if you would gain us,  
With good Sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good Sense describing,  
Call it tasting and imbibing :  
Metaphoric Meat and Drink  
Is to understand and think :  
We may *carve* for others thus ;  
And let others carve for us.  
To discourse and to attend,  
Is, to help yourself and Friend.  
Conversation is but *carving* ;  
Carve for all, yourself is starving :

Give

Give no more to ev'ry Guest  
 Than he's able to digest:  
 Give him always of the Prime;  
 And but little at a Time.  
*Carve* to all but just enuff:  
 Let them neither starve nor stuff:  
 And that you may have your Due,  
 Let your Neighbours *carve* for you.  
 This Comparison will hold,  
 Could it well in Rhyme be told,  
 How Conversing, Listening, Thinking,  
 Justly may resemble Drinking;  
 For a Friend, a Glass you fill,  
 What is this but to instil?

To conclude this long Essay;  
 Pardon if I disobey;  
 Nor, against my nat'ral Vein,  
 Treat you in Heroic Strain.  
 I, as all the Parish knows,  
 Hardly can be grave in Prose:  
 Still to lash, and lashing smile,  
 Ill befits a lofty Style.  
 From the Planet of my Birth  
 I encounter Vice with Mirth.  
 Wicked Ministers of State  
 I can easier scorn than hate:  
 And, I find it answers right;  
 Scorn torments them more than Spight.  
 All the Vices of a Court  
 Do but serve to make me Sport.  
 Were I in some foreign Realm,  
 Which all Vices overwhelm;



When my Muse officious ventures  
 On the Nation's Representatives :  
 Teaching by what *golden* Rules,  
 Into Knaves they turn their Fools :  
 How the Helm is rul'd by *W—le*,  
 At whose Oars, like Slaves, they all pull :  
 Let the Vessel split on Shelves ;  
 With the Freight enrich themselves :  
 Safe within my little Wherry,  
 All their Madness makes me merry :  
 Like the Watermen of *Thames*,  
 I row by, and call them Names.  
 Like the ever-laughing Sage,  
 In a Jest I spend my Rage.  
 (Though it must be understood,  
 I would hang them if I cou'd.)  
 If I can but fill my Nitch,  
 I attempt no higher Pitch.  
 Leave to *D'Anvers* and his Mate,  
 Maxims wise to rule the State.  
*Pult'ney* deep, accomplish'd *St. Johns*,  
 Scourge the Villains with a Vengeance :  
 Let me, tho' the Smell be noisom,  
 Strip their Bums ; let || *Caleb* horse 'um ;

Then

|| *Caleb D'Anvers*, the famous Writer of the  
*Paper called the Craftsman*. These Papers are  
 supposed to be written by the Lord B—b—ke  
 and Mr. P—ltney, created Earl of B—th.

Then apply *Alecto's* Whip,  
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Duce is in you, Mr. *Dean*:  
What can all this Passion mean?  
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;  
On Corruptions running Riot.  
End, as it befits your Station:  
Come to Use and Application:  
Nor with Senates keep a Fuss.  
I submit and answer thus.

If the Machinations brewing  
To compleat the publick Ruin,  
Never once could have the Pow'r  
To affect me half an Hour;  
(Sooner would I write in Buskins,  
Mournful Elegies on † *Bluskins*)  
If I laugh at *Whig* and *Tory*,  
I conclude *à fortiori*,  
All your Eloquence will scarce  
Drive me from my fav'rite Farce.  
This I must insist on. For, as  
It is well observ'd by § *Horace*,  
Ridicule has greater Pow'r  
To reform the World, than sow'r.  
Horses thus, let Jockies judge else,  
Switches better guide than Cudgels.  
Basting heavy, dull, obtuse,  
Only Dulness can produce;

While

† *A famous Thief, who was hang'd some Years  
since.*

§ *Ridiculum acri  
Fortius & melius, &c.*

While a little gentle Jerking  
Sets the Spirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by Experiment,  
Scolding moves you less than Merriment.  
I may storm and rage in vain ;  
It but stupifies your Brain.  
But with Raillery to nettle,  
Sets your Thoughts upon their Mettle :  
Gives Imagination Scope ;  
Never lets your Mind elope :  
Drives out Brangling and Contention,  
Brings in Reason and Invention.  
For your Sake as well as mine,  
I the lofty Style decline.

I, who love to have a Fling  
Both at S—n—e—h—se and ——— ;  
That they might some better Way tread,  
To avoid the publick Hatred ;  
Thought no Method more commodicus,  
Than to show their Vices odious :  
Which I chose to make appear,  
Not by Anger, but a Sneer :  
As my Method of reforming  
Is by laughing, not by storming.  
(For my Friends have always thought  
Tenderness my greatest Fault.)  
Would you have me change my Style ;  
On your Faults no longer smile,  
But, to patch up all your Quarrels,  
Quote you Texts from *Plutarch's* Morals ;  
Or, from *Solomon* produce  
Maxims teaching Wisdom's Use.

If I treat you like a C——d H——,  
You have cheap enough compounded;  
Can you put in higher Claims  
Than the Owners of St. J——? 17  
You are not so great a Grievance,  
As the Hirelings of St. S——'s.  
You are of a lower Class  
Than my Friend Sir R——t Brass.  
None of these have Mercy found,  
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.  
Have you seen a Rocket fly?  
You could swear it pierc'd the Sky:  
It but reach'd the middle Air,  
Bursting into Pieces there:  
Thousand Sparkles falling down,  
Light on many a Coxcomb's Crown;  
See what Mirth the Sport creates;  
Singes Hair, but breaks no Pates.  
Thus, should I attempt to climb,  
Treat you in a Style sublime,  
Such a Rocket is my Muse;  
Should I lofty Numbers chuse,  
Ere I reach'd *Parnassus*' Top,  
I should burst, and bursting drop,  
All my Fire wou'd fall in Scraps;  
Give your Head some gentle Raps;  
Only make it smart a while;  
Then, could I forbear to smile,  
When I found the tingling Pain,  
Ent'ring warm your frigid Brain:  
Make you able upon Sight  
To decide of Wrong and Right;

Talk

Talk with Sense whate'er you please on ;  
Learn to relish Truth and Reason.

Thus we both should gain our Prize :  
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

### The DISCOVERY.

**W**HEN wise Lord B——ly first came here,  
Statesmen and Mob expected Wonders,  
Nor thought to find so great a Peer,  
Ere a Week past committing Blunders.  
Till on a Day cut out by Fate,  
When Folks came thick to make their Court,  
Out slipt a Mystry of State,  
To give the Town and Country Sport.  
Now enters † *Busb* with new State Airs,  
His Lordship's premier Minister ;  
And who in all profound Affairs,  
Is held as needful as his || Glyster.  
With Head reclining on his Shoulder,  
He deals and hears mysterious Chat,  
While every ignorant Beholder  
Asks of his Neighbour, Who is that ?  
With this he put up to my Lord,  
The Courtiers kept their Distant due,  
He twich'd his Sleeve, and stole a Word ;  
Then to a Corner both withdrew.

X 2

Imagine

† *My Lord's wise Secretary.*

|| *Always taken before my Lord went to Council.*

Imagine now, my Lord and *Bush*,  
 Whisp'ring in Junta most profound,  
 Like good King § *Phyz*, and good King *Ush*,  
 While all the rest stood gaping round.  
 At length a Spark, not too well bred,  
 Of forward Face, and Ear acute,  
 Advanc'd on Tiptoe, lean'd his Head,  
 To over-hear the grand Dispute.  
 To learn what Northern Kings design,  
 Or from *Whitehall* some new Express,  
 Papists disarm'd, or Fall of Coin,  
 For sure (thought he) it can't be less.  
 My Lord, said *Bush*, a Friend and I  
 Disguis'd in two old thread bare Coats,  
 Ere Morning's Dawn, stole out to spy  
 How Markets went for Hay and Oats:  
 With that he draws two Handfuls out,  
 The one was Oats, the other Hay;  
 Puts this to's Excellency's Snout,  
 And begs he would the other weigh.  
 My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs  
 By all means to bring down the Rates;  
 Then with a Congee circumflex,  
*Bush*, smiling round on all, retreats.  
 Our Listner stood awhile confus'd,  
 But gathering Spirits wisely ran for't,  
 Enrag'd to see the World abus'd  
 By two such whisp'ring Kings of *Brentford*.

The

§ *Vide the Rehearsal.*



## The PROBLEM.

*That my Lord B—ly stinks when he's in Love.—*

**D**ID ever Problem thus perplex,  
Or more employ the Female Sex ?  
So sweet a Passion, who would think,  
*Jove* ever form'd to make a Stink ?  
The Ladies vow and swear they'll try,  
Whether it be a Truth or Lye.

Love's Fire, it seems, like inward Heat,  
Works in my Lord by Stool and Sweat,  
Which brings a Stink from every Pore,  
And from behind, and from before ;  
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,  
None but the fav'rite Nymph can smell it :  
But now to solve the nat'ral Cause  
By sober Philosophic Laws :  
Whether all Passions, when in Ferment,  
Work out, as Anger does in Vermin ;  
So when a Weazel you torment,  
You find his Passion by his Scent.  
We read of Kings, who in a Fright,  
Tho' on a Throne, would fall to sh—  
Beside all this, deep Scholars know  
That the main String of *Cupid's* Bow  
Once on a time was an A—gut  
Now to a nobler Office put,  
By Favour or Desert prefer'd,  
From giving Passage to a T—  
But still tho' fix'd among the Stars  
Does sympathise with human A—

## A LOVE POEM

From a PHYSICIAN to his MISTRESS.

*Written at London in the Year 1738.*

**B**Y Poets we are well assur'd  
 That Love, alas ! can ne'er be cur'd ;  
 A complicated Heap of Ills,  
 Despising *Boluses* and *Pills*.  
 Ah ! *Chloe*, this I find is true,  
 Since first I gave my Heart to you.  
 Now, by your Cruelty *hard-bound*  
 I strain my *Guts*, my *Colon* wound :  
 Now, Jealousy my *grumbling Tripes*  
 Assaults, with grating, grinding *Gripes* :  
 When Pity in those Eyes I view,  
 My *Bowels* wambling, make me *sperw*.  
 When I an am'rous Kiss design'd,  
 I belch'd a Hurricane of *Wind*.  
 Once, you a gentle Sigh let fall,  
 Remember how I suck'd it all ;  
 What *Colic Pangs* from thence I felt,  
 Had you but known, your *Heart* would melt,  
 Like ruffling Winds in Caverns pent,  
 Till Nature pointed out a Vent.  
 How have you torn my *Heart* to Pieces,  
 With Maggots, Humours, and Caprices !  
 By which I got the *Hæmorrhoids*,  
 And loathsome *Worms* my *Anus* voids.  
 Whene'er I hear a Rival nam'd,  
 I feel my Body all inflam'd ;

Which

*On the Little House by the Church-Yard of  
Castle-knock.*

**W**HOEVER pleaseth to enquire,  
Why yonder Steeple wants a Spire,  
The grey old Fellow † Poet Joe  
The Philosophic Cause will show.

Once, on a Time a Western Blast,  
At least twelve Inches overcast,  
Reckoning Roof, Weathercock and all,  
Which came with a prodigious Fall;  
And tumbling topsy-turvy round  
Light with its Bottom on the Ground.

For by the Laws of Gravitation,  
It fell into its proper Station.

This is the little strutting Pile,  
You see just by the Church-yard Stile;  
The Walls in tumbling gave a Knock;  
And thus the Steeple got a Shock;  
From whence the neighbouring Farmer calls,  
The Steeple, *Knock*, the Vicar, ‖ *Walls*.

The Vicar once a Week creeps in,  
Sits with his Knees up to his Chin;  
Here cons his Notes, and takes a Whet,  
Till the small ragged Flock is met.

A Traveller, who by did pass,  
Observ'd the Roof behind the Grass;  
On Tiptoe stood and rear'd his Snout,  
And saw the Parson creeping out.  
Was much surpriz'd to see a Crow  
Venture to build his Nest so low.

A School-

† *Mr. Beaumont of Trim.*

‖ *Rev. Archdeacon Wall.*

A School-boy ran unto't and thought,  
 The Crib was down, the Blackbird caught.  
 A Third, who lost his Way by Night,  
 Was forc'd, for Safety, to alight,  
 And stepping o'er the Fabric-roof,  
 His Horse had like to spoil his Hoof.

*Warburton* took it in his Noddle,  
 This Building was design'd a Model,  
 Or of a Pigeon-house, or Oven,  
 To bake one Loaf, and keep one Dove in.

Then § *Mrs. Johnson* gave her Verdict,  
 And ev'ry one was pleas'd, that heard it :  
 All that you make this Stir about,  
 Is but a Still which wants a Spout.  
 The Rev'rend Dr. || *Reymond* guess'd,  
 More probably than all the rest ;  
 He said, but that it wanted Room,  
 It might have been a Pigmy's Tomb.

The Doctor's Family came by,  
 And little Miss began to cry ;  
 Give me that House in my own Hand ;  
 Then Madam bad the Chariot stand,  
 Call'd to the Clerk in manner mild,  
 Pray reach that thing here to the Child,  
 That Thing, I mean, among the Kale,  
 And here's to buy a Pot of Ale.

The Clerk said to her, in a Heat,  
 What ? sell my Master's Country Seat ?  
 Where he comes ev'ry Week from Town ;  
 He would not sell it for a Crown.

Poh !

§ *A Friend of the Author's.*  
 || *Minister of Trim.*

Poh! Fellow, keep not such a Pother,  
In half an Hour thou'lt make another.

Says † Nancy, I can make for Miss,  
A finer House ten times than this,  
The Dean will give me Willow-sticks,  
And Joe my Apron-full of Bricks.

---

*The Author and his Friends used to divert themselves for Amusement in making Riddles, some of which have been printed in the Tenth Volume of the Miscellanies, and were well received; as we hope the following will be, although we cannot tell the Authors of each,*

## A R I D D L E.

**I** With borrow'd Silver shine,  
What you see is none of mine.  
First I shew you but a Quarter,  
Like the Bow that guards the Tartar,  
Then the Half, and then the Whole,  
Ever dancing round the Pole.  
And what will raise your Admiration,  
I am not one of GOD's Creation,  
But sprung (and I this Truth maintain)  
Like Pallas from my Father's Brain.  
And after all, I chiefly owe  
My Beauty to the Shades below.  
Most wondrous Forms you see me wear,  
A Man, a Woman, Lion, Bear,

A Fish,

† The Waiting-woman.

A Fish, a Fowl, a Cloud, a Field,  
 All Figures Heav'n or Earth can yield;  
 Like *Daphne* sometimes in a Tree,  
 Yet am not one of all you see.

## A N O T H E R.

**B**Egotten, and born, and dying with Noise,  
 The Terror of Women, and Pleasure of  
 Boys,  
 Like the Fiction of Poets concerning the Wind,  
 I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd.  
 For Silver and Gold I don't trouble my Head,  
 But all I delight in is Pieces of Lead;  
 Except when I trade with a Ship or a Town,  
 Why then I make Pieces of Iron go down.  
 One Property more I would have you remark,  
 No Lady was ever more fond of a Spark;  
 The Moment I get one my Soul's all a-fire,  
 And I roar out my Joy, and in Transport  
 expire.

## A N O T H E R.

**T**HERE is a Gate, we know full well,  
 That stands 'twixt Heav'n, and Earth,  
 and Hell,  
 Where many for a Passage venture,  
 But very few are found to enter;  
 Although 'tis open Night and Day,  
 They for that Reason shun this Way:  
 Both Dukes and Lords abhor its Wood,  
 They can't come near it for their Blood.

What

What other Way they take to go,  
Another time I'll let you know.  
Yet Commoners with greatest Ease,  
Can find an Entrance when they please.  
The poorest hither march in State,  
(Or they can never pass the Gate)  
Like Roman Generals triumphant,  
And then they take a Turn and jump on't.  
If gravest Parsons here advance,  
They cannot pass before they dance :  
There's not a Soul, that does resort here,  
But strips himself to pay the Porter.

## A N O T H E R.

FROM Heav'n I fall; tho' from Earth I  
begin,  
No Lady alive can shew such a Skin.  
I'm bright as an Angel, and light as a Feather,  
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me  
together.  
Tho' Candor and Truth in my Aspect I bear,  
Yet many poor Creatures I help to ensnare.  
Tho' so much of Heaven appears in my Make,  
The foulest Impressions I easily take.  
My Parent and I produce one another,  
The Mother the Daughter, the Daughter the  
Mother.

## A N O T H E R.

**I**M up, and down, and round about,  
 Yet all the World can't find me out,  
 Tho' Hundreds have employ'd their Leisure,  
 They never yet cou'd find my Measure.  
 I'm found almost in ev'ry Garden,  
 Nay, in the Compass of a Farthing.  
 There's neither Chariot, Coach, nor Mill,  
 Can move an Inch except I will.

## A N O T H E R.

**I** AM Jet-black, as you may see,  
 The Son of Pitch, and gloomy Night;  
 Yet all that know me will agree,  
 I'm dead except I live in Light.

Sometimes in Panegyric high,  
 Like lofty *Pindar* I can soar,  
 And raise a Virgin to the Sky,  
 Or sink her to a pocky Whore.

My Blood this Day is very sweet,  
 To-morrow of a bitter Juice,  
 Like Milk 'tis cry'd about the Street,  
 And so apply'd to diff'rent Use.

Most wond'rous is my magic Power:  
 For with one Colour I can paint;  
 I'll make the Dev'l a Saint this Hour,  
 Next make a Devil of a Saint.

Thro'



Thro' distant Regions I can fly,  
 Provide me but with Paper Wings,  
 And fairly shew a Reason, why  
 There should be Quarrels among Kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,  
 When learned Doctors will dispute,  
 That I should point the Word of God,  
 And shew where they can best confute.

Let Lawyers bawl and strain their Throats,  
 'Tis I that must the Lands convey,  
 And strip the Clients to their Coats;  
 Nay, give their very Souls away.

## A N O T H E R.

EVER eating, never cloying,  
 All devouring, all destroying,  
 Never finding full Repast,  
 Till I eat the World at last.

## A N O T H E R.

WE are little airy Creatures,  
 All of diff'rent Voice and Features,  
 One of us in Glass is set,  
 One of us you'll find in Jet,  
 T'other, you may see in Tin,  
 And the Fourth a Box within,  
 If the Fifth you should pursue,  
 It can never fly from you.

## A N O T H E R.

**A**LL of us in one you'll find,  
Brethren of a wond'rous Kind,  
Yet among us all no Brother  
Knows one Tittle of the other ;  
We in frequent Councils are,  
And our Marks of Things declare,  
Where, to us unknown, a Clerk  
Sits, and takes them in the Dark.  
He's the Register of all  
In our Ken, both great and small ;  
By us forms his Laws, and Rules,  
He's our Master, we his Tools ;  
Yet we can, with greatest Ease,  
Turn and wind him where we please,  
One of us alone can sleep,  
Yet no Watch the rest will keep,  
But the Moment that he closes,  
Ev'ry Brother else reposes.

If Wine's bought, or Victuals drest,  
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding Steel,  
One for all of us will feel.

Tho' ten thousand Cannons roar,  
Add to them ten thousand more,  
Yet but one of us is found  
Who regards the dreadful Sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,  
There's but one of us can smell.

## A N O T H E R.

FONTINELLA to FLORINDA.

**W**HEN on my Bosom thy bright Eyes,  
*Florinda*, dart their heav'nly Beams,  
 I feel not the least Love-Surprize,  
 Yet endless Tears flow down in Streams,  
 There's nought so beautiful in thee,  
 But you may find the same in me.

The Lillies of thy Skin compare ;  
 In me you see them full as white.  
 The Roses of your Cheeks, I dare  
 Affirm, can't glow to more Delight.  
 Then, since I shew as fine a Face,  
 Can you refuse a soft Embrace ?

Ah lovely Nymph, thou'rt in thy Prime !  
 And so am I whilst thou art here ;  
 But soon will come the fatal Time,  
 When all we see shall disappear.  
 'Tis mine to make a just Reflection,  
 And your's to follow my Direction.

Then catch Admirers while you may ;  
 Treat not your Lovers with Disdain ;  
 For Time with Beauty flies away,  
 And there is no Return again.  
 To you the sad Account I bring,  
 Life's Autumn has no second Spring.

## A N O T H E R.

NEVER speaking, still awake,  
Pleasing most when most I speak,  
The Delight of old and young,  
Tho' I speak without a Tongue.  
Nought but one Thing can confound me,  
Many Voices joining round me ;  
Then I fret, and rave and gabble,  
Like the Labourers of *Babel*.  
Now I am a Dog, or Cow,  
I can bark, or I can low,  
I can bleat, or I can sing,  
Like the Warblers of the Spring.  
Let the love-sick Bard complain,  
And I mourn the cruel Pain ;  
Let the happy Swain rejoice,  
And I join my helping Voice ;  
Both are welcome, Grief or Joy,  
I with either sport and toy.  
Tho' a Lady, I am stout,  
Drums and Trumpets bring me out ;  
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,  
Join in all the Din of Battle.  
*Jove*, with all his loudest Thunder,  
When I'm vext can't keep me under ;  
Yet so tender is my Ear,  
That the lowest Voice I fear ;  
Much I dread the Courtier's Fate,  
When his Merit's out of Date,  
For I hate a silent Breath,  
And a Whisper is my Death.

A N

## A N O T H E R,

**M**OST Things by me do rise and fall,  
 And as I please they're great and small;  
 Invading Foes, without Resistance,  
 With Ease I make to keep their Distance;  
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the Foe  
 Will come, tho' not a Foot they go.  
 Both Mountains, Woods, and Hills, and Rocks,  
 And gaming Goats, and fleecy Flocks,  
 And lowing Herds, and piping Swains,  
 Come dancing to me o'er the Plains.  
 The greatest Whale, that swims the Sea,  
 Does instantly my Pow'r obey.  
 In vain from me the Sailor flies,  
 The quickest Ship I can surprize,  
 And turn it as I have a Mind,  
 And move it against Tide and Wind.  
 Nay, bring me here the tallest Man,  
 I'll squeeze him to a little Span,  
 Or bring a tender Child and pliant,  
 You'll see me stretch him to a Giant;  
 Nor shall they in the least complain,  
 Because my Magic gives no Pain.

## A N O T H E R.

**W**E are little Brethren twain,  
 Arbiters of Loss and Gain,  
 Many to our Counters run,  
 Some are made, and some undone,

But

But Men find it, to their Cost,  
 Few are made, but Numbers lost.  
 Tho' we play them Tricks for ever.  
 Yet they always hope our Favour.

---

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

DEAR *Sheridan*! a gentle Pair  
 Of *Gallstown* Lads (for such they are)  
 Besides a Brace of grave Divines  
 Adore the Smoothness of thy Lines;  
 Smooth as our *Bason's* Silver Flood,  
 Ere *George* had robb'd it of it's Mud;  
 Smoother than *Pegasus'* old Shoe,  
 Ere *Vulcan* comes to make him new.  
 The Board on which we set our A—s  
 Is not so smooth as are thy Verses,  
 Compar'd with which (and that's enuff)  
 A Smoothing-Ir'n itself is ruff.  
 Nor praise I less that Circumcision,  
 By modern Poets call'd Elision,  
 With which, in proper Station plac'd,  
 Thy polish'd Lines are firmly brac'd.  
 Thus, a wise Taylor is not pinching;  
 But turns at ev'ry Seam an Inch in;  
 Or else, be sure, your Broad cloth Breeches  
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their Stitches.  
 Thy Verse, like Bricks, defy the Weather,  
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together;  
 Thy Words so closely wedg'd, and short are,  
 Like Walls, more lasting without Mortar;  
 By

By leaving out the needless Vowels  
You save the Charge of Lime and Trowels.  
One Letter still another locks,  
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd, like a Box.  
Thy Muse is tuckt up and succinct,  
In Chains thy Syllables are linkt.  
Thy Words together ty'd in small Hanks,  
Close as the *Macedonian* Phalanx ;  
Or like the Umbo of the *Romans*,  
Which fiercest Foes could break by no Means.  
The Critic to his Grief will find  
How firmly these Indentures bind :  
So, in the kindred Painter's Art  
The short'ning is the nicest Part.

Philologers of future Ages

How will they pore upon thy Pages !  
Nor will they dare to break the Joints,  
But help thee to be read with Points :  
Or else, to shew their learned Labour, you  
May backward be perus'd like *Hebrew*,  
Wherein they need not lose a Bit  
Or of thy Harmony or Wit,  
To make a Work completely fine,  
Number and Weight and Measure join.  
Then all must grant your Lines are weighty,  
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.  
All must allow your Numbers more,  
Where twenty Lines exceed fourscore ;  
Nor can we think your Measure short,  
Where less than forty fill a Quart,  
With *Alexandrian* in the Close,  
Long, long, long, long, like *Dan's* long Nose.

A REBUS written by a § LADY, on the  
Rev. D—n S—T. With his ANSWER.

CUT the Name of the MAN } *Jo-seph.*  
who his *Mistress* deny'd,  
And let the *first* of it be only ap-  
ply'd }  
To join with the Prophet who } *Nathan.*  
DAVID did chide.

Then say what a *Horse* is that runs very *fast*,  
And that which deserves to be *first* put the *last*;  
Spell all then, and put them together, to find  
The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I design'd.  
Like the *Patriarch* in *Egypt* he's vers'd in the  
*State*,

Like the *Prophet* in *Jury*, he's free with the  
*Great*.

Like a *Racer* he flies to succour with *Speed*,  
When his *Friends* want his Aid, or *Desert* is  
in Need.

### The ANSWER.

THE NYMPH who wrote this in an amo-  
rous Fit,

I cannot but envy the Pride of her *Wit*.

Which thus she will venture profusely to throw  
On so mean a *Design*, and a *Subject* so low.

For mean's her *Design*, and her *Subject* as  
mean,

The *First* but a REBUS, the *Last* but a DEAN.

§ Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

A Dean's



A *Dean's* but a *Parson*, and what is a *Rebus*?  
 A Thing never known to the *Muses* or *Phæbus*.  
 The Corruption of Verse, for when all is done,  
 It is but a *Paraphrase* made on a *Punn*;  
 But a Genius like her's no Subject can stifle,  
 It shews and discovers itself through a *Trifle*.  
 By reading this *Trifle*, I quickly began  
 To find her a great *Wit*, but the *Dean* a small  
 Man.

Rich Ladies will furnish their Garrets with  
 Stuff,

Which others for Mantuas would think fine  
 enough :

So the *Wit* that is lavishly thrown away here,  
 Might furnish a second Rate *Poet* a Year.

Thus much for the *Verse*, we proceed to the  
 next,

Where the *NYMPH* hath entirely forsaken her  
*Text* :

Her fine Panegyrics are quite out of Season,

And what *She* describes to be *Merit* is *Treason* :

The Changes which Faction has made in the  
 State,

Have put the *Dean's* Politics quite out of Date ;

Now no one regards what he utters with Free-  
 dom,

And should he write *Pamphlets*, no Great Man  
 would read 'em ;

And should *Want* or *Desert* stand in need of  
 his Aid,

This *Racer* wou'd prove but a dull-founder'd  
*Jade*.

Written

Written by the Rev. Doctor SWIFT, on his  
own Deafness.

*V*ertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus  
amicis ;

Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove  
missum,

Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,  
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

**D**EAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my Friends a Burthen grown ;  
No more I hear my Church's Bell,  
Than if it rang out for my Knell :  
At Thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart :  
Nay, what's incredible, alack !  
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.



A C A N.

slow



In Harmony would

*f*ast

you excell, suit your Words to your Musick well, Musick well,



Musick well, suit your Words to your Musick well, suit your



flow

**Words to your Mufick well.**

For  $P_{\text{c}}$  . ga . fus

run-----s, run

every Race by Gal-

11075

-----loping high or le vel Pace, or am bling or

East

sweet *Canterbury*, or with a down, a high down derry: No, no  
 victory, Victory, he ever got by Jog ling, Jog ling,  
 No Muse har monious ling Trot.

entertains rough royst'ring rustick roaring

Strains, nor shall you twin-----e the crack-----ling

crackling Bays by sneaking sniv'ling round delays



Now slowly move your Fiddle stick, now, tantan tantan tantanti vi,



now, tantan tantan vi quick

quick, now trem ----



bling shi ---- vring qui ---- vring qua ---- king set,





hoping hoping hoping Hearts of Lovers akeing. Fly fly



above above the Sky, ram

bling gam bling ram



bling gambling







trolloping lolloping galloping trolloping lolloping galloping



trollop, lolloping trolloping galloping lolloping trolloping



galloping lollop. Now creep sweep sweep the Deep,



Musical score for "A CANTATA". The score consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the vocal line and includes a piano part marked "to Slow". The third system continues the vocal line and includes a piano part marked "to S: fast". The fourth system continues the vocal line and includes a piano part marked "to S: fast". The fifth system continues the vocal line and includes a piano part marked "to S: fast".

Lyrics:

see see Ce-lia Ce-lia dies dies dies dies dies dies,  
 while true Lovers Eyes weeping sleep sleeping weep weeping sleep  
 bo peep bo peep bo peep bo peep peep bo bo peep

THE  
LAST WILL  
OF

Dr. *SWIFT*,

Dean of St. PATRICK's in *Dublin*.

Taken out of the Prerogative  
Court, DUBLIN.

**I**N the Name of GOD, *Amen*. I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. *Patrick Dublin*, being at this Present of sound Mind, although weak in Body, do here make my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all my former Wills.

VOL. XIV.

A a

*Imprimis,*

*Imprimis*, I bequeath my Soul to GOD, (in humble Hopes of his Mercy through *Jesus Christ*) and my Body to the Earth. And, I desire that my Body may be buried in the great Isle of the said Cathedral, on the South Side, under the Pillar next to the Monument of Primate *Narcissus Marsh*, three Days after my Decease, as privately as possible, and at Twelve o'Clock at Night : And that a Black Marble of                Feet square, and seven Feet from the Ground, fixed to the Wall, may be erected, with the following Inscription in large Letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded :

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS  
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

HUJUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS

DECANI,

UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO

ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.

ABI, VIATOR,

ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,

STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBER-

TATIS VINDICEM.

OBIIT ANNO [MDCCXLV.]

MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19.]

ÆTATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

*Item* : I give and bequeath to my Executors all my worldly Substance, of what Nature or  
Kind

Kind soever (excepting such Part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following Uses and Purposes, that is to say, to the Intent that they, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Executors, or Administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my Death, shall turn it all into ready Money, and lay out the same in purchasing Lands of Inheritance in Fee-simple, situate in any Province of *Ireland*, except *Connaught*, but as near to the City of *Dublin*, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any Leases for Lives renewable, or any Terms for Years longer than Thirty-one. And I desire that a yearly Annuity of Twenty Pounds *Sterling*, out of the annual Profits of such Lands when purchased, and out of the yearly Income of my said Fortune, devised to my Executors as aforesaid, until such Purchase shall be made, shall be paid to *Rebecca Dingley* of the City of *Dublin*, Spinster, during her Life, by two equal half-yearly Payments, on the Feasts of *All-Saints*, and *St. Philip* and *St. Jacob*, the first Payment to be made on such of the said Feasts as shall happen next after my Death. And that the Residue of the yearly Profits of the said Lands when purchased, and, until such Purchase be made, the Residue of the yearly Income, and Interest of my said Fortune devised as aforesaid to my Executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a Piece of Land, situate near *Dr. Steevens's Hospital*, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the City of *Dublin*, large enough

for the Purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an Hospital large enough for the Reception of as many Idiots and Lunatics as the annual Income of the said Lands and worldly Substance shall be sufficient to maintain : And I desire that the said Hospital may be called *ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL*, and many be built in such a manner, that another Building may be added unto it, in case the Endowment thereof should be enlarged ; so that the additional Building may make the whole Edifice regular and compleat. And my further Will and Desire is, that, when the said Hospital shall be built, the whole yearly Income of the said Lands and Estate, shall, for ever after be laid out in providing Victuals, Cloathing, Medicines, Attendance, and all other Necessaries for such Idiots and Lunatics, as shall be received into the same : and in repairing and enlarging the Building, from Time to Time, as there may be Occasion. And, if a sufficient Number of Idiots and Lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that Incurables may be taken into the said Hospital to supply such Deficiency : But that no Person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious Disease : And that all such Idiots, Lunatics and Incurables as shall be received into the said Hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the Night as in the Day ; and that the Salaries of Agents, Receivers, Officers, Servants, and Attendants, to be employed in the Business of the said Hospital, shall not in the whole

whole exceed one Fifth Part of the clear yearly Income, or Revenue thereof. And, I further desire that my Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of such, shall not have Power to demise any Part of the said Lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with Consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of *Dublin*, the Dean of *Christ-Church*, the Dean of *St. Patrick's*, the Physician to the State, and the Surgeon-General, all for the Time being, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing; and that no Leases of any Part of the said Lands shall ever be made other than Leases for Years not exceeding Thirty-one, in Possession, and not in Reversion or Remainder, and not dispunishable of Waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved Rents that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the Tenants, be gotten for the same, without Fine. Provided always, and it is my Will and earnest Desire, that no Lease of any Part of the said Lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in Trust for any Person any way concerned in the Execution of this Trust, or to, or in Trust for any Person any way related or allied, either by Consanguinity or Affinity, to any of the Persons who shall at that Time be concerned in the Execution of this Trust: And, that if any Leases shall happen to be made contrary to my Intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no Effect. And I further desire

until the Charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Heirs, Executors, or Administrators, shall not act in the Execution of this Trust, but with the Consent and Approbation of the said seven additional Trustees, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing, and shall with such Consent and Approbation as aforesaid, have Power from Time to Time to make Rules, Orders, and Regulations for the Government and Direction of the said Hospital. And, I make it my Request to my said Executors, that they may in convenient Time apply to his Majesty for a Charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional Trustees, for the better Management and Conduct of this Charity, with a Power to purchase Lands; and to supply by Election such Vacancies happening in the Corporation, as shall not be supplied by Succession, and such other Powers as may be thought expedient for the due Execution of this Trust, according to my Intention herein before expressed. And when such Charter shall be obtained, I desire that my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of such Survivor may convey to the Use of such Corporation in Fee-simple for the Purposes aforesaid, all such Lands and Tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above-mentioned. Provided always, and it is my Will and Intention, that my Executors, until the said Charter, and afterwards the Corporation to be hereby incorporated,

rated,



rated, shall out of the yearly Profits of the said Lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly Income of my said Fortune devised to my Executors as aforesaid, until such Purchase be made, have Power to reimburse themselves for all such Sums of their own Money, as they shall necessarily expend in the Execution of this Trust. And that, until the said Charter be obtained, all Acts which shall at any Time be done in Execution of this Trust by the greater Part of my Executors then living, with the Consent of the greater Part of the said additional Trustees under their Hands in Writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my Executors had concurred in the same.

*Item*: Whereas I purchased the Inheritance of the Tythes of the Parish of *Efferknock* near *Trim* in the County of *Meath*, for Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds *Sterling*; I bequeath the said Tythes to the Vicars of *Laracor* for the Time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal Religion shall continue to be the National Established Faith and Profession in this Kingdom: But when any other Form of Christian Religion shall become the Established Faith in this Kingdom, I leave the said Tythes of *Efferknock* to be bestowed, as the Profits come in, to the Poor of the said Parish of *Laracor*, by a Weekly Proportion, and by such Officers as may then have the Power of distributing Charities to the Poor of the said Parish, while Christianity under any Shape shall be tolerated

lerated among us, still excepting professed *Jews*, *Atheists* and *Infidels*.

*Item*: Whereas I have some Leases of certain Houses in *Kevan-street*, near the Deanry-House, built upon the Dean's Ground, and one other House now inhabited by || *Henry Land*, in *Deanry-Lane*, alias *Mitre-Alley*, some of which Leases are let for forty-one Years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired; I bequeath to Mrs. *Martha Whiteway* my Lease or Leases of the said Houses. I also bequeath to the said *Martha*, my Lease of forty Years of *Goodman's Holding*, for which I receive Ten Pounds *per Annum*, which are two Houses, or more, lately built. I bequeath also to the said *Martha*, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my Executors out of my ready Money, or Bank Bills, immediately after my Death, as soon as the Executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said *Martha*, my repeating Gold Watch, my yellow Tortoise-shell Snuff-box, and her Choice of four Gold Rings, out of seven which I now possess.

*Item*: I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Swift*, alias *Harrison*, Daughter of the said *Martha*, my plain Gold Watch made by *Quare*, to whom also I give my *Japan Writing Desk*, bestowed to me by my Lady *Worsley*, my square Tortoise-shell Snuff-box richly lined and inlaid with Gold, given to me by the Right Honourable  
Hen-

|| Sexton of *St. Patrick's Cathedral*.

*Henrietta*, now Countess of *Oxford*, and the Seal with a *Pegasus*, given to me by the Countess of *Granville*.

*Item*: I bequeath to Mr. *Ffolliot Whiteway*, eldest Son of the aforesaid *Martha*, who is bred to be an Attorney, the Sum of Sixty Pounds, as also Five Pounds to be laid out in the Purchase of such Law Books, as the Honourable Mr. Justice *Lindsay*, Mr. † *Stannard*, and Mr. ‖ *M<sup>c</sup>Aulay* shall judge proper for him.

*Item*: I bequeath to Mr. *John Whiteway*, youngest Son of the said *Martha*, who is to be brought up a Surgeon, the Sum of One Hundred Pounds, in order to qualify him for a Surgeon, but under the Direction of his Mother; which said Sum of One Hundred Pounds is to be paid to Mrs. *Whiteway*, in Behalf of her said Son *John*, out of the Arrears which shall be due to me from my Church Livings (except those of the Deanry Tythes, which are now let to the Reverend Doctor *Wilson*) as soon as the said Arrears can be paid to my Executors. I also leave the said *John* Five Pounds, to be laid out in buying such Physical or Chirurgical Books as Dr. *Grattan*, and Mr. \* *Nicholls* shall think fit for him.

*Item*:

† *Eaton Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the City of Dublin.*

‖ *Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Aulay, Esq; Counsellor at Law, and made Judge of the Consistorial Court, Nov. 1745.*

\* *John Nicholls, Esq; Surgeon-General.*

*Item*: I bequeath unto Mrs. & *Anne Ridgeway*, now in my Family, the Profits of the Lease of two Houses let to *John Cownly*, for forty Years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said *Cownly* payeth me Nine Pounds Sterling, for Rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said *Anne* the Sum of One Hundred Pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my Executors in six Weeks after my Decease, out of whatever Money or Bank Bills I may possess when I die: As also three Gold Rings, the Remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. *Whiteaway* hath made her Choice of four; and all my small Pieces of Plate, not exceeding in Weight one Ounce, and one third Part of an Ounce.

*Item*: I bequeath to my dearest Friend *Alexander Pope*, of *Twickenham*, Esq; my Picture in Miniature, drawn by *Zinck*, of *Robert*, late Earl of *Oxford*.

*Item*: I leave to *Robert*, now Earl of *Oxford*, my Seal of *Julius Caesar*, as also another Seal, supposed to be a young *Hercules*, both very choice Antiques, and set in Gold: Both which I choose to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty *Queen Anne*, of ever Glorious, Immortal, and truly Pious Memory, the real nursing Mother of all her Kingdoms.

*Item*:

& *Daughter* to Mrs. *Brent*, and who for many Years had been his faithful domestic Friend.

*Item*: I leave to the Reverend Mr. *James Stopford*, Vicar of *Finglafs*, my Picture of King *Charles the First*, drawn by *Vandyke*, which was given to me by the said *James*; as also my large Picture of Birds, which was given to me by *Thomas Earl of Pembroke*.

*Item*: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, Prebendary of *St. Audoen's*, my Gold Bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong Box, on Condition of his giving the sole Use of the said Box to his Brother Dr. *James Grattan*, during the Life of the said Doctor, who hath more Occasion for it, and the second best Beaver Hat I shall die possessed of.

*Item*: I bequeath to Mr. *John Grattan*, Prebendary of *Clonmethan*, my Silver Box, in which the Freedom of the City of *Cork* was presented to me; in which I desire the said *John* to keep the Tobacco he usually cheweth, called *Pigtail*.

*Item*: I bequeath all my Horses and Mares to the Reverend Mr. *John Jackson*, Vicar of *Santry*, together with all my Horse Furniture: Lamenting that I had not Credit enough with any chief Governor (since the Change of Times) to get some additional Church Preferment for so virtuous and worthy a Gentleman. I also leave him my third best Beaver Hat.

*Item*: I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor *Francis Wilson*, the Works of *Plato* in three Folio Volumes, the Earl of *Clarendon's History* in three Volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small *Persian Pictures* in the

the Drawing-room, and the small Silver Tankard given to me by the Contribution of some Friends whose Names are engraved at the Bottom of the said Tankard.

*Item* : I bequeath to the Earl of *Orrery* the enamell'd Silver Plates to distinguish Bottles of Wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the Half-length Picture of the late Countess of *Orkney* in the Drawing-room.

*Item* : I bequeath to *Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Aulay*, Esq; the Gold Box in which the Freedom of the City of *Dublin* was presented to me, as a Testimony of the Esteem and Love I have for him, on Account of his great Learning, fine natural Parts, unaffected Piety and Benevolence, and his truly honourable Zeal in Defence of the legal Rights of the Clergy, in Opposition to all their unprovoked Oppressors.

*Item* : I bequeath to *Deane Swift*, Esq; my large Silver Standish, consisting of a large Silver Plate, an Ink Pot, a Sand Box and Bell of the same Metal.

*Item* : I bequeath to Mrs. *Mary Barber* the Medal of Queen *Anne* and Prince *George*, which she formerly gave me.

*Item* : I leave to the Reverend Mr. || *John Worrall* my best Beaver Hat.

*Item* : I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor *Patrick Delany* my Medal of Queen *Anne* in Silver, and on the Reverse the Bishops of *England* kneeling before her Most Sacred Majesty.

*Item* :

|| *Vicar to the Dean of Christ Church, and Master of both Choirs.*

*Item* : I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. *James King*, Prebendary of *Tipper*, my large gilded Medal of King *Charles* the First, and on the Reverse a Crown of Martyrdom, with other Devices. My Will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above-named Legatees should die before me, that then, and in that Case, the respective Legacies to them bequeathed shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my Disposal.

*Item* : Whereas I have the Lease of a Field in Trust for me, commonly called the *Vineyard*, let to the Reverend Doctor *Francis Corbet*, and the Trust declared by the said Doctor ; the said Field, with some Land on this Side of the Road, making in all about three Acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and Chapter of *St. Patrick's* \* \*

Whereas I have built a strong Wall round the said Piece of Ground, eight or nine Feet high, faced to the South Aspect with Brick, which cost me above Six Hundred Pounds *Sterling* : And likewise another Piece of Ground as aforesaid, of half an Acre, adjoining to the Burial Place called the *Cabbage-Garden*, now tenanted by *William White*, Gardener : My Will is, that the Ground enclosed by the great Wall, may be sold for the Remainder of the Lease, at the highest Price my Executors can get for it, in Belief and Hopes, that the said Price will exceed Three Hundred Pounds at the lowest Value. For which my Successor in the Deanry shall have the first Refusal ; and it is my earnest Desire, that the succeeding Deans

and Chapters may preserve the said *Vineyard* and Piece of Land adjoining, where the said *White* now liveth, so as to be always in the Hands of the succeeding Deans during their Office, by each Dean lessening one Fourth of the Purchase Money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more than the present Rent.

And I appoint the Honourable *Robert Lindsay*, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; *Henry Singleton*, Esq; Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Doctor *Patrick Delany*, Chancellor of *St. Patrick's*; the Reverend Dr. *Francis Wilson*, Prebendary of *Kilmacktolway*; *Eaton Stannard*, Esq; Recorder of the City of *Dublin*; the Reverend Mr. *Robert Grattan*, Prebendary of *St. Audoen's*; the Reverend Mr. *John Grattan*, Prebendary of *Clonmethan*; the Reverend Mr. *James Stopford*, Vicar of *Finglass*; the Reverend Mr. *James King*, Prebendary of *Tipper*; and *Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Aulay*, Esq; my Executors.

In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, and published and declared this as my last Will and Testament, this Third Day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*Signed, sealed and published by  
the above-named Jonathan  
Swift, in Presence of Us, who  
have subscribed our Names in  
his Presence,*

Jo. Wynne.

Jo. Rochfort.

William Dunkin.

J O N A



**JONATHAN SWIFT** was born *November 30, 1667*, in *Hoey's Alley* in *Warburgh's Parish, Dublin*; being, as appears from his own *Testimony* ||, *a younger Son of a younger Branch of a Family not undistinguished in its Time*, and which, from this Produce, we may venture to say, will for ever remain so. His Father, a Lawyer, (if we may credit some late *Memoirs*) caught the Itch on his Return from a Circuit, by lying in a foul Bed, and lost his Life by using a Mercurial Preparation for the Cure of it. The Son was educated at home till he was sent to *Kilkenny School*, from whence he went to *Trinity College*, in the University of *Dublin*, where he was entered a Pensioner in *April 1682*, under *Dr. George Ash* § afterwards Bishop of *Clogher*; took his Bachelor of Arts Degree *February 1685*, was ordain'd a Deacon in *1694*, and in the Month of *January* in the same Year, was admitted into Priest's Orders in *Christ-Church, Dublin*; and soon after presented by *Lord Capel*, Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, to the Prebend of *Kilroot*, in the Diocese of *Conner*; which he resigned in Favour of a poor Man with many Children. On *February 1699*, he was

|| Letter XLI. to Lord Bolingbroke, 1729.

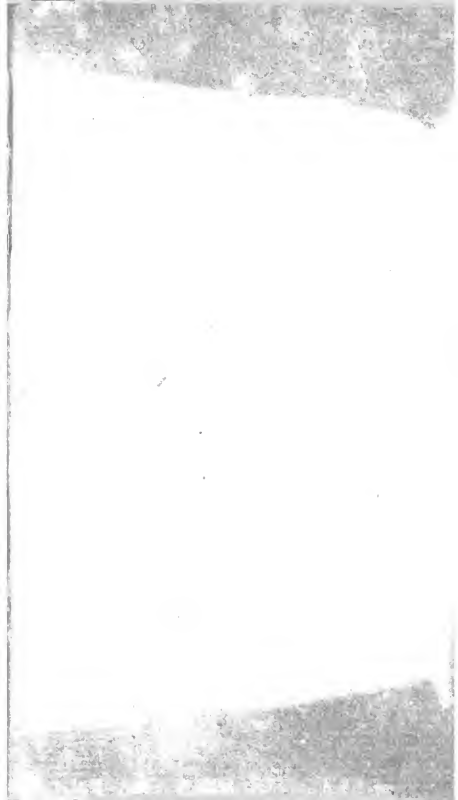
§ Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope, Letter II. 1715.

was presented to the Rectory of *Agher*, and the Vicarages of *Laracor* and *Rathbegan* in the County of *Meath*; and was collated by the Archbishop of *Dublin* to the Prebend of *Dunlavan* in the Cathedral of *St. Patrick's*. In *February 1701*, he took his Degree of Doctor in Divinity; and, upon the Promotion of *Dr. Sterne* to a Bishoprick, was presented by the Crown to the Deanry of *St. Patrick's*, by Letters Patent *May 16, 1713*, and died *October 17, 1745*.

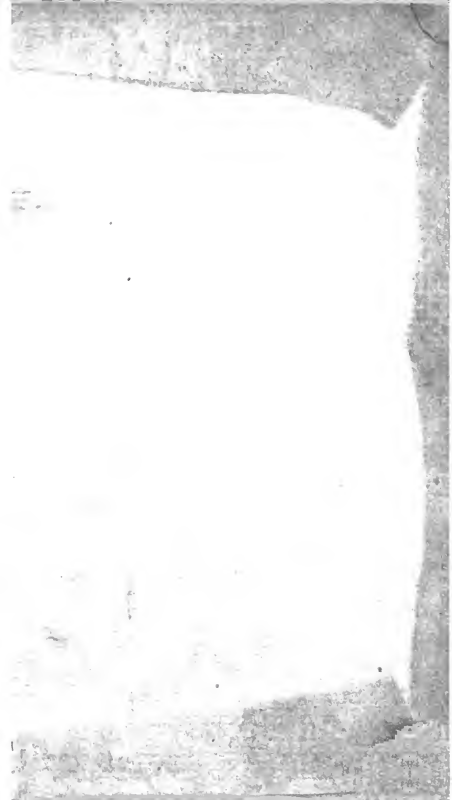
*The END of the FOURTEENTH VOLUME.*



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